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The Threat of Science

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A protest against the false optimism and dogmatic assertions of certain scientists, by the Dean of the College at Princeton. Science cannot sin. It has nothing to do with good and evil. But it has placed tremendous power in the hands of the irresponsible. And the freedom granted science has led certain scientists to invade fields not their own, he declares.

I

THERE is a wide-spread belief fostered occasionally by scientists themselves that if we will but allow science fullest freedom it will eventually make us all healthy and wealthy and wise. There is little doubt that up to a certain point it can make us healthy and wealthy. If we pass over, for the moment, the question whether the health which science can give us is only physical (and not moral) health, we will all readily admit that a clearer understanding of the processes of nature and the sources of physical power can certainly save us from many ills. Science can and has eliminated many diseases and much useless motion. No one under a scientific dispensation will waste his time and effort in praying for rain or in attempting, as they did in Homer, to stop the flow of blood by incantation. It can increase and has increased immeasurably our mastery of nature. It makes us far more efficient. Whether it can really increase our mastery of human nature and thus make us wise and good is a different question. Scientists sometimes tell us that it can. In any attempt to predict our future under science this is really a much more important question than the first, for if without changing your man you place at his disposal a ton of TNT or only a sawed-off shotgun and an armored car, you may make life far more dangerous than if you had left your untutored savage with only his primitive battering-ram and his relatively harmless bow and arrow.

The academic mind is inclined to call a man wise if he understands things like the Bohr atom and the Einstein theory. That, too, is a mistake. He is not really wise; he is only intelligent. The normal, ordinary human being must express

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himself by his acts. Even a recluse is involved in countless enterprises and relationships with others. If we say a man is wise we mean that whatever his theoretical beliefs, in the conduct of his life he chooses sane courses of action. If the scientist cannot help him to do this it is as much a superstition to expect unaided science to give us a safe and happy future as it was for our ancestors to believe in witch-doctors or to pray for rain.

There are times when the discouraged student of religion, of history and of letters is tempted to rise up and call his brother who works in the laboratory blessed. Among scholars the experimental scientist is a privileged character. He is allowed to live and work in a world that knows not sin nor evil. Like Adam and Eve he lives in a Garden of Eden. Trinitrotoluol is not evil because it explodes. Hydrogen sulphide is not unclean because it smells badly. The lion is not wicked because he kills the antelope. He is only leonine. That is what lions do for a living. To the biologist the lion who kills many antelopes has "survival value." He is, this scientist will even tell us, a good lion.

When the scientist uses this word *good* we must be upon our guard. He does not mean what the theologian, the moralist, the artist, or even the ordinary man means by that word. His lion, for instance, is frankly predatory. To Dante he was the personification of pride, the most deadly of all the sins, and quite evidently he fiercely seeks his own. If the biologist should invent a science for lions, a leonine science (and knowing his ingenuity I do not put it beyond him), it would make life easier for lions. It would increase their number, eliminate waste motion in their technic of pouncing upon antelopes. In the biologist's way of looking at things, it would make them better lions but from any outside non-scientific point of view, that of antelopes, for instance, it would not make lions better. It would change only their outward habits, not their inner natures. So it is perhaps with our science in general, and if it is to be the only force operative upon humanity then to the end of time we shall have to carry with us into no matter how roseate a future only the same old Adam.

If to avoid confusion we must be on our guard when he uses the word *good,* much the same is true when he uses certain other words like *pure,* even when he uses them in his really fine phrase, pure science.

In the first instance pure science, of course, means disinterested, not applied, science. The more competent scientists when on their guard never pretend that it means anything more. It is a really noble conception, science divorced from any consideration of its useful or profitable applications. The ordinary man must be cautious, however, and not conclude that science because "pure" somehow gives us a higher kind of truth than that revealed by just plain ordinary religion or art or philosophy. The devotees of these latter studies are assumed, sometimes even by scientists, to have been laggard and never to have pushed their subjects to this twenty-four carat stage of ultimate purity. There may be an error in all this, for it must be remembered and emphasized that science becomes pure only when it has been divorced also from any consideration of social and moral welfare. The pure scientist might conceivably in his laboratory seek to discover that least stable combination of chemical elements which under given conditions would constitute the world's most powerful explosive. This deadly formula would then be available for those who apply to more practical uses the findings of pure

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science. Its truths are not really truths of a higher sort; they are not above ordinary truths, as the angels (if there still are angels) are over the earth; they are only the truths of science in what might be called their state of innocence.

For this reason experimental science should not be regarded as wicked; it is only unmoral. No harm will come so long as we all remember that it has little relation to what the ordinary man regards as beautiful, or holy, or good. Such extraneous considerations of beauty and holiness and goodness are really impurities in science at its highest stage. They are, however, probably still aspects of truth and it might in one sense almost be said that pure science gives us impure truth, or perhaps rather, truth mutilated; truth from which certain elements that under ideal conditions enter into its fulness have of necessity been cut off.

II

The dispensation to live and work in a world where he might disregard the good, the holy and the beautiful, at first granted rather grudgingly, is now on the whole conceded with enthusiasm. Society is asked to adopt a policy of laissez-faire just as it was asked to do by economists in the beginnings of industrialism and "big business." This means, for instance, that in case geologists reach conclusions at variance with those held by the church, their teaching should not be suppressed. If the biologist in dealing with sex finds it necessary to lift a social taboo and discovers that "nature has no reward for chastity," and other facts about generation which in the hands of the loose-living may conceivably effect an increase in sensuality, divorce and the instability of the family, no ban should be placed upon him. If the physicist discovers new sources of energy that may be readily released for destructive purposes, he should not be held accountable for their use. Scientists should remember that the concession given to them by society is probably the largest ever granted to any group or caste. Although it has subjected the regulative forces of civilizations to a strain severe at times almost to the breaking-point, let me hasten to add that I believe the freedom accorded has been fully justified.

Clear-thinking men, including many great scientists, recognized that, for reasons which will be set forth later, science could not hope to give us a religion; they also realized, particularly after the failure of Zola's "experimental novel" and his school of naturalism, that it could not give us an art. Although there were those who tried to bring over the biologist's conception of the predatory "good lion" as a guide in human affairs and though mistaken political scientists sought to justify Germany's invasion of Belgium in 1914 by invoking Darwin's "the survival of the fittest," it was generally recognized that science could not give us a system of human conduct, and that even excellent science could and did often make despicable morality. The unmoral world of nature, with which science can deal so fruitfully, is after all not the world of religion, of art, of morals, and of man. So long as this was recognized by theologians, artists, moralists and the ordinary man on the one side, and by scientists on the other, there could be no serious trouble and the various civilizing agencies might hope to go along in concert. There have lately been signs in many quarters that science is increasing its pretensions and is now insisting that it be accepted as the preceptor of humanity in matters of morals. A clash therefore seems inevitable.

In plain language what, then, is an experimental or physical scientist? He

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is a man who disentangles forces and phenomena and decides which are the same and which are different. His business is to count and calculate them. He is primarily a measurer. An experiment is a query put to nature and a really great scientist of this school, like Mr. Millikan for instance, is one who knows how to put to her a proper question. We do not mean by this that nature is finicky or has any sense of what Victorians used to call the proprieties. She has not. A proper question is only one of the kind which nature can answer. Is this hydrogen or helium? Is this light or electricity? He himself must refrain from answering, for in a successful experiment it is nature that answers and her answer will be the same if called for by any man of any nationality in any country in the world. The scientists measure and record and their procedure is perfect in proportion as it has been effectively sterilized against what might be called such personal contact and contamination. Mathematics has provided them all with a common recording instrument. Since they have all followed this same procedure of sterilization against human deviation and error; since they are all measuring the same clearly defined forces and substances, each worker contributes to the general fund of results and modern science has become the greatest international co-operative enterprise of all time. It would be folly to disparage the wonderful results which, in pursuing this method, scientists have achieved. Sensible men are not inclined to do this. The great danger is not that modern civilization will interfere with the scientist but that the scientist may quite unwittingly interfere with modern civilization.

A good many years ago I attended a course of lectures on philology, the science of language. The professor was occasionally compelled to reach out for examples into common speech and to take words which were rarely or never printed and whose normal development had therefore never been arrested by their appearance on the printed page. As a well-mannered gentleman, he never used these expressions; but as a scientist he did so without a blush. The gentleman and the scientist were two distinct persons, Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and the gentleman used to apologize for the scientist in a formula: "Gentlemen," he would tell us, "there is nothing obscene in philology or medicine." He was quite right. Philology and medicine pronounce no judgments in this field. It is beyond their competence. Neither, he might have added, does mathematics or physics or chemistry or biology or geology. Quite evidently there are certain questions which the scientist can answer and certain others which he cannot. Among these latter are questions as important as the following: Is this holy or is this obscene? Is this beautiful or is this ugly? Is this good or is this evil? These are questions which nature cannot answer and they are questions which must be answered by man not as a part of nature but as a personality. Though the heart of human life lies behind such answers, science here can give us little help. Marvellous as its results have been in its own field, that field is limited.

Some one will object that I am considering only the physical sciences and that I am overlooking certain other important scientific studies. At the risk of incurring further disapproval, let me venture a little farther and say that the so-called social scientists, the historian, the economist and sociologist are not really scientists in any proper or exclusive sense. In certain sections of their fields, their assembling of facts, their counting and their computations, they

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do and they should use scientific method and they should apply it with the utmost rigor. They can, of course, go beyond that section of their subject which is amenable to scientific treatment and I believe they should do so, but when the social scientist passes any judgment whatever on what is just or unjust, good or bad, he steps out of science. It should console him more than it now does to know that by this same act he steps over into philosophy. This used to be a quite creditable profession and until recently we called, for instance, the fruitful study of politics not political science but political philosophy. It would help to clear the air if we did so again.

III

We have said that the pretensions of scientists to competence in this field which is not theirs are increasing. Doctor Millikan, winner of the Nobel Prize and President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently delivered an address, "Alleged Sins of Science."* The title is itself misleading and withal a bit pretentious. Science, the mouthpiece of nature, is, as we have seen, impersonal. It is the codified body of answers which nature gives. Nature is not moral; it knows neither good nor evil, and science being soulless is, humanly speaking, innocent. It cannot commit one least little sin. That is why the Sins of Science, real or alleged, are like the snakes of Ireland. They should be dismissed even by scientists quite as summarily. We should remember, however, that the individual scientist, being human, has an immeasurable advantage over his subject. He can sin and he sometimes does.

The great benefits which science has conferred are plain to all. They are perhaps too manifest. It has added incalculably to the convenience, to the comfort, to the wealth and health, of millions, by revealing to them another world quite outside their own upon which they can draw. So far as the man in the street is concerned to-day, it is as if a millionaire uncle whom he had never known had suddenly died and left him, in a bank of whose existence he was previously ignorant, an almost inexhaustible fortune upon which he could check at will. Science can increase this already befuddled heir's credit upon his bank but it cannot effectively direct him in spending it. In any civilization or social order the newly rich are always a problem. By creating so many of them at once science is not only a social asset but also a social liability. The newly rich individual may of course spend his substance in riotous living. He may, in vulgar language, go to the devil, and as these beneficiaries of science are now the vast majority of our population they may conceivably carry us all, including the scientists, to the devil with them. Many scientists, nevertheless, believe that the cure for too much science is more science. Here I believe they are wrong.

When in attempting to limit their field I described scientists as primarily measurers, I need hardly say that I meant no disparagement. Some of the noblest work of man in our time has been done by Mr. Millikan himself and precisely in this line, and as I think of him and of his work I am moved to apply to him the great Frenchman's tribute, "What arouses my admiration is not that the heavens are so vast but that man has measured them."

If I unreservedly congratulate Mr. Millikan as a man of science, with his confidence in the future of our civilization under science, I must disagree quite as unreservedly. "Any effort," he tells us,

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"to suppress or impede the growth of science, which means to the scientist merely the growth of man's understanding of *his* world and hence *his ability to live wisely in it,* is to him (the scientist) an unpardonable sin or at least not the work of an understanding mind." We are asked to concede that "the final service of science" is to teach man to live wisely, not in the world of nature but in his (man's) world. Let us stop to ask ourselves what experience and history tell us. Lincoln, most of us would admit, lived wisely in his world; so did Washington, so did St. Francis of Assisi, so did Confucius, so did Christ, so did Socrates. In what way, we ask, could science have helped them to have lived more wisely in their respective worlds? Modern science is really quite young, amazingly so. Mr. Eddington tells us it dates from 1917. Before that a great many of the most eminent scientists believed that this world was a solid lump of matter made up of solid atoms. This was, we are told to-day, a gross, if a scientific, superstition. Yet many of the scientists who believed this, which was quite the opposite of what Mr. Millikan and the spiritual scientists of to-day believe, could, and we hope sometimes did, live quite wisely in that odd and scientifically incorrect world of theirs. This is because the world in which man the person lives as distinguished from that in which man the thing exists is one governed not by scientific but by moral principles. If we are to accept Mr. Millikan's view we may soon learn that Socrates and Christ and Confucius and St. Francis and Washington, who were all of them hopelessly unscientific, must now be cast aside as quite misleading guides. Wisdom in living is not to be learned from them but somehow from present science and its future discoveries. Here the student of the humanities and the historian disagree sharply. The sphere in which as individual human beings we live really impinges very little upon the sphere of Mr. Millikan's symbolic and ingenious atoms. This is most fortunate, for no civilization can possibly transform itself as rapidly as science changes its fundamental conceptions. Fourteen years ago the views of scientists on these matters were quite different and there is no telling but that fourteen years from now they may be quite as different again. A social system or code of morals cannot be changed as rapidly as this, otherwise we should not know when we went to bed at night what would be moral in the morning. They cannot change so rapidly just because they are far more central to civilization than any purely scientific conceptions. Man's frailty is such and his dependence upon custom so great that his world can stand only a limited amount of renovation at a time. To make it possible for a social, a moral system, a civilization to endure at all, there must be stabilizing forces which are not scientific and the world up to the present has been wise not to accept Galileo and Kepler and Newton and Darwin and Einstein, great scientists though they were, as its stabilizing forces. That scientifically ignorant Confucius who held that he who conquereth himself is greater than he who taketh a city, is a far safer teacher for mankind than the great scientist Darwin.

Mathematics is, of course, the most perfect of the sciences. It lies behind them all. It is their impassive bookkeeper, their recording angel, if they have one. That is why it has proved so admirable an instrument for research. Like every science, however, it is valid only when we are dealing with things between which there is nothing in the nature of a moral or spiritual bond. A

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city or a nation is not a sum of similar individuals, it is not a census merely. That illusive factor which we call morale and which is recognized as important even in the winning of wars cannot be explained by mathematical processes. A man and his friend, a father and his son, a husband and his wife, though they count as two in a census, are not merely two human beings. One and one may constitute here not two but a quite different unity. I do not wish to slip over into this dangerous field of mysticism and shall merely repeat what a German poet once said, "I feel that my conviction gains infinitely when it is shared by a single other human soul." He was, of course, not mathematical but he may have been not altogether wrong. It is disconcerting relationships of this sort that force the student of human conduct to consider other factors than the mathematical or scientific, properly so called.

A little farther along in Mr. Millikan's creed we are told that if we are to "be asked deliberately to shut our eyes to truth or to be deterred by fear from searching for it, we might as well, so says the scientist, give up the effort at intelligent living altogether and go back to savagery."

As this is a scientist's creed we may take it that he means by truth the truth of science. We must, however, remind the overzealous that the necessary alternative to less science is not savagery. There are other cherishable forms of truth at which highly civilized men have warmed their hands. Homer had no experimental knowledge and yet his parting of Hector and Andromache is still true and beautiful, far more so than anything in that naturalistic school of literature which took its principles directly from the sciences. Epictetus and Confucius and St. Francis were not savages. Socrates could probably not have passed high-school algebra, had never heard of a negative quantity or mathematical infinity and probably believed like all our ancestors until 1850 that heat was a substance. Yet he apprehended the truths of a great art and a great philosophy, lived wisely and well in his world and was done to death by an intolerant demos, a peril from which science has not yet delivered us. It was possible to bear the burden of life, even to live wisely and quite comfortably in ages that knew not plush nor rubber nor whirling electrons. Mr. Millikan in his defense makes much of the great services to modern life of the Ford motor-car. We may leave as an open question whether this, especially that ugly machine, Model T, should be regarded as a real index of civilization or only as a triumph of modern science. The Athenian who knew Homer, the Parthenon, Socrates and the tragedies of Sophocles and who believed that only a thing of beauty was an everlasting possession might conceivably have rejected it on appearance alone. Homer's poems, furthermore, were not only great works of art, they were a healthy stabilizing influence and fixed the customs and morals for that Greek civilization which was one of humanity's greatest triumphs.

Mr. Millikan assumes that somehow science is to provide what might be called this steadying influence. He contrasts with evident satisfaction "the bleary-eyed, ruby-nosed old soak who thirty years ago sat on the driver's seat of the average cab in London or New York with the highly skilled chauffeur of to-day, alert, self-respecting, sober, intelligent, and well dressed. The change is striking," he tells us, "and the improvement enormous."

Let us not allow ourselves to become bemused by the contemplation of this mirage of progress. Science has done

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both more and less than this. All cab and bus drivers were not bleary-eyed old soaks thirty years ago. Walt Whitman learned much poetry from some of them. There were, of course, drunkards and wastrels and where science has been the only influence operative they are now a far greater menace than they were then. The real successor of the drunken cab-driver is not the sober, self-respecting chauffeur, however well dressed. His lineal descendant through science is the gunman in bullet-proof vest with the machine-gun and the armored car. He is not morally better than his predecessor and he is socially much more dangerous, for he has greater speed and power at his command, thanks to science. It is just because we have made it possible for him with this greater speed to elude the police that we probably have that increase in lawlessness, of which Mr. Millikan quite inconsistently complains. It may have to be counted in as one of the by-products of modern science which alone made it possible.

Just as Mr. Millikan believes that the drunken cab-driver has been scientifically extirpated so he tells us that war is now in process of being abolished chiefly by "this relentless advance of science, *its most powerful enemy.*"

Mr. Millikan goes on to tell us that "steel does indeed make bayonets, but it also makes ploughshares and railroads and automobiles and sewing-machines and threshers, and a thousand other things whose uses constitute the strongest existing diverter of human energies from the destructive to the peaceful arts." This rapid manufacture of motor-cars, threshers, fertilizers, and explosives to Mr. Millikan as to many others is a promise of peace. He forgets, however, that manufacturers do not give away these scientifically invented blessings. They strive to sell them to each other and to other nations in a struggle almost as fierce as war. Science does not lessen, it increases, this competition. That overproduction which it has made possible and the consequent need for markets helped create that tension which resulted in the last war and it may conceivably result in the next. Science is neither the friend nor the "enemy" of war. It has no such human attributes. Its products may, alas, be the cause of conflict. In his exaggerated faith in the friendliness of science Mr. Millikan goes out of his way to tell us of the failures of religion and of philosophy and of social ethics. "War," he tells us, "has existed in spite of religion, in spite of philosophy and in spite of social ethics and in spite of humanitarianism and the Golden Rule since the days of the caveman because, in accordance with the evolutionary philosophy of modern science, and simply because, it has had survival value."

When Mr. Millikan, and I cite his argument only as the most illustrious example of too common a fallacy, proposes to have science solve a moral problem like war because as he sees it the other civilizing agencies have failed to do so, he is, from the standpoint of the historian, guilty of one of the most serious sins of the scientist. Wars have never been ended merely by increasing wages and multiplying creature comforts and the most prosperous peoples have waged the most deadly ones. Not until the scientist gives up this talk of survival value which in this connection is only biological jargon and realizes that what we need is a moral and not a scientific judgment, can we hope to get anywhere with our problem. When studied from the standpoint of those judgments which religion or politics and philosophy have pronounced upon war we may find that they have not really been and are not

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now as impotent as the scientist so naïvely believes.

In the past, historians tell us, men made war for their families, for their tribe, later for their king, for their religion, for their nation. They met, to be sure, to kill or to be killed, and this was ugly. Yet the courage and valor of each helped his tribe, his religion, his nation, to prevail. This was self-sacrifice and as such beautiful, even moral, and in part at least it redeemed the ugliness of combat. The poet, priest and moralist recognized that religion and country are more valuable than the individual life. There really were good wars. Perhaps, alas, for so much evil, many wars were good, and the Latin poet quite properly said, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Art was not impotent even though it passed a favorable judgment. It was not necessarily a false one, which only a wiser science can supersede. Human experience approved it. To meet one's antagonist in mortal combat, to lose, even to die for something higher than one's self, and if one triumphed to win through greater skill and valor, this is not, in a world where conflict of good and evil is the rule, morally reprehensible. Science made only one contribution to this problem. Its service was to make wars different and far more deadly. It is not, however, for this reason that wars may end. What science is doing perhaps disastrously for the arts and crafts may haply here be turned to man's advantage. From the standpoint of the artist and moralist it has made all wars bad. There can under science be no good wars. Human valor, high heroism and willingness to sacrifice oneself have become negligible factors. They cannot win the scientific wars of to-morrow.

A chivalrous soldier of the crude, old-fashioned struggles could distinguish between a civilian woman and an enemy combatant. A poison gas and long-range gun cannot. If France should again imagine Germany her enemy, small squadrons of French bombers might conceivably slink through darkened skies and drop upon a German concentration point those new perfected gas bombs which would paralyze unwitting thousands who, whether cowards or heroes, would have never a chance to resist. Guns on French soil might kill women and children in churches at Frankfort or Darmstadt, as the German "Big Bertha" at St. Gobain killed unseen women seventy miles away on Good Friday in the church of St. Gervais. The swiftest plane, the deadlier gas or the longer-range gun would not necessarily even be the result of the ingenuity of any Frenchman. They might be the earlier invention of Germans themselves or of Italians or Americans friendly to Germany. It is no longer a struggle of persons, but of impersonal forces. Thus is the new welter of scientific warfare stripped of its last shred of redeeming heroism, self-sacrifice and courage. If in the popular estimation the aviators in the last war were regarded as its greatest heroes it was because each single flier matched his individual prowess against an individual enemy and in such combat there still lingered a little of that chivalry which once made war morally tolerable. Yet even individual combat between aviators will henceforth mean little. The artist, if not the scientist, already recognizes this. At the front, if again there is one, men will not die contending with their human antagonists in prowess and daring. They must die at night when no enemy is stirring, in trenches and dug-outs, like rats in a trap. This is the lesson, if scientists will but listen, that the artists are trying to teach us. This is what Remarque in "All Quiet on the

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Western Front," Hemingway in "A Farewell to Arms," Sherriff in "Journey's End" have already discovered. Science has dehumanized wars and in making them scientific has from the artist's and the moralist's standpoint made all of them ugly and meaningless and the remedy is not to be found in Mr. Millikan's fond hope that these deadlier instruments will automatically be diverted to the uses of peace but in more art and respect for that enlightened moral judgment which science cannot give. Whatever it may do for us, the safety factor for our modern civilization does not lie along scientific lines but in a more imaginative and comprehensive grasp by artists, preachers and philosophers, of the moral hazards involved in each new scientific transformation.

What we really need is a careful and critical evaluation from other than the scientific point of view of what science has done. It has justified itself, enjoys enormous credit and authority. It can now take care of itself and needs no further stimulation. As one practical measure in the interest of the stability of our civilization, I would suggest that some part of the enormous profits which it has created for industry and commerce be devoted to the advancement of art, religion, political philosophy and the humanities which, relatively weak though they are, are still the only agencies that can prevent a social order from being shaken to pieces in an age of too rapid change.

IV

We know very little about civilization. Although there are very few things we can safely say about it, one of them is probably this. Science alone cannot save it. Civilization involves so many things that, as we have intimated, it has been possible to constitute some quite satisfactory ones without science at all. This is true of the Chinese and Hindu, even the Greek and the Roman. We have had so little regard for oriental systems and they enjoy so little credit in an age of science that we may disregard them here. The historian can, however, say quite confidently that if Greek and Roman civilization perished it was certainly not for lack of science but quite possibly for lack of an adequate religion. Russia has produced some really admirable scientists like Pavloff and the throes through which she is passing to-day are not caused by lack of science—the accumulated scientific knowledge of our western world is open to her—but rather by overconfidence in it and by an irreligious and an unphilosophical acceptance of conceptions invented by so-called political scientists like Marx.

Scientists make much of the fact that their conceptions now are not materialistic but spiritualistic, and assume that this of itself will revivify religion. It is a vain hope, a dangerous illusion. The Bohr atom, though much more ingenious than its scientific predecessor, is not one whit more friendly or essentially divine. God for the modern scientist, as scientist, is and always must be as He was for La-Place, a useless hypothesis. It will not help religion as a binding civilizing force to learn that God, as one of our scientific philosophers has called Him, is the principle of concretion in the universe. This will not greatly hearten unhappy mankind. Science makes no moment, and if it is to remain free it cannot make moment, of good and evil. It can analyze substances and forces but cannot find for us the root of the humanly desirable. It can rid us of some superstitions. Mr. Eddington tells us, for instance, that we must give up the idea of a Heaven in space but not in time. It is inconsistent with the space-time conceptions of mod-

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ern science. Geologists and biologists have long since told us we must give up the idea of a world created in six days. Science may force us to take out of religion many incidental things. But there is one thing which science cannot put into religion and one thing which religion can never get out of science and it is the one thing needful. Any God who is to be of any use to civilization, to suffering humanity, or to religion must have in some way or other some at least of the attributes not of a substance or of a force but of a person. He must be interested as science is not, in good and evil, beautiful and ugly, holy and obscene. It is conceivable that in the future we may have to learn to do without religion; it is certain that science as such can never give us one. Let us face the facts and admit as some scientists do not that there are some services to civilization which science cannot render.

In its callow days, modern science used to amuse itself by frightening the rest of us with its bogies, its hobgoblins. The earth was slowly cooling off and after a time would cease to be able to support life. The glacial age would return. The coal supply, the oil supply was slowly being exhausted. The sum of energy was being forever diminished and we were running into an inevitable doom. It produced mummies at the modern feast to warn us not to enter upon any too long hopes. This was not really a bad idea. It might be well to do so again and there is another adverse fate which may conceivably lie in wait for us which scientists might possibly suggest. It is not pleasant to contemplate. Science may conceivably destroy itself. The really serious danger may be one which science has itself created and which its every advance irresistibly and inevitably multiplies.

A single workman by merely pressing a button may now send along a wire the power of fifty thousand horses. The wisest citizen of Athens and Rome never had any such agency at his command. A single malcontent lighting a fuse may virtually blow up a city as he did who set off the explosives on the ship that ruined Halifax. A determined group, numerically a much smaller group than formerly, could quite easily paralyze an entire community and destroy half its citizens. A Sioux with his bow and arrow was no such threat to a frontier blockhouse. As we have seen science has made modern industry and modern warfare much more scientific. Other agencies if encouraged may conceivably forefend the peril of international warfare but science has made and is continuing to make any possible future political revolution far more effective and deadly. We are fortunate that we have not yet had such an upheaval. Let us hope we never will but let us remember, particularly in our optimistic enthusiasm, that this is after all only a hope. History warns us to be circumspect for we have had revolts against particular types of civilization in the past. Our own is not yet proof against all possible human discontents. Science for all her great services cannot pluck from the heart of man a rooted sorrow or a deep-seated grievance, even a mistaken one.

Victor Hugo says somewhere that just as a banker on the verge of bankruptcy gives a great banquet to re-establish his credit, so the Lord on rare and desperate occasions is forced to give his doubting Thomases a revolution. It would almost seem to be a way that civilizations have followed. Men fight for religious, political and social rights and their conception of these changes most rapidly in periods like ours in which an agency like science has modified customs and the way of life. They fight as in peasants'

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wars for the redistribution of property. Their notions must not be changed too precipitately, for a civilization is only a very nice adjustment and balance of forces of which science is but one. Let me repeat that we have not yet had such a scientific revolution. Bela Kun, the Spartacists, and the sovietists are not revolutionists of this most dangerous type. They were not really protesting against a scientific civilization; they were fighting only for the control of it. There have, however, been revolutions when fairly large sections of a population protested against a religious or a social, or a political order. Men in the past, the fairly recent past, have risen against what they believed to be the iniquities of their institutions, their church, their government. In such cases they resort to all the forces at their command. The French people in 1789 quite unexpectedly did this and a little later half-organized mobs protested against the churches and attempted to do away with them since they believed them instruments of oppression. They did their best to ruin the cathedrals of France, yet old-fashioned stonemasonry alone was proof against them. With their utmost efforts and all the destructive forces at their disposal they succeeded only in ruining the portals of Notre Dame and beheading in other parts of France some really beautiful statues. In the revolution of the *Communards* of Paris in 1871 they protested against centralized governmental agencies. They succeeded only in burning down the Tuileries, doing minor damage and overturning the Vendome Column. They did this clumsily with ropes. They could not even destroy it and one of their leaders was Courbet, that naturalistic painter whose art and whose citizenship had been much influenced by science. Let us admit that they were all mistaken but let us also admit that what was true for Tennyson is no longer true for us. He told us, and it was consoling to believe, that Galahad's strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. Science has changed all that. Any man's strength may be as the strength of ten thousand not because his heart is pure but only because science which knows not good nor evil has given it to any who may wish to use it.

I have said there are few things which we can safely say about civilizations. In conclusion I shall risk one more. A social political system, a civilization in other words, falls when the accumulated discontents which it has engendered are stronger than the forces upon which the remaining contented members of society can draw to hold the protestants in effective check. Now the fiercest, the most subversive, most implacable discontents have been aroused when an individual, no matter how prosperous, feels that his moral rights have been invaded and his claims upon justice denied. It is particularly necessary that we be upon our guard now that we have placed such excessive and destructive power within the reach of smaller minorities. We must respond to a new challenge and obviate any such possible threat. Not every one is happy in our modern age and ways and an American poet has warned us that "factory windows are always broken." Science itself cannot defend us against this danger which it has raised. To do so we must greatly strengthen those stabilizing forces like an adequate art and literature, a sound religion, a sane moral and political philosophy, the only agencies which have yet been found to make consistently for social justice and for life's larger and least perturbable satisfactions.

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We Need One Another

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

The death of D. H. Lawrence brings to an end the career of a great writer whose works have been a source of contention for many years. Because they were so largely concerned with sex, his writings met with violent opposition from the official censors and from a large body of sincere readers. His supporters contend that Lawrence's attitude, far from being erotic and sensationally minded, is the effort of a sensitive man to make sex a vital and honest thing. The article we are publishing, which came to the magazine a month before his death, assumes the importance of a last statement. It seems to bear out the contention of Lawrence's friends that he was a profoundly moral and sympathetic man who used up his strength in trying to bring sanity and honesty to a sadly muddled discussion.

We may as well admit it: men and women need one another. We may as well, after all our kicking against the pricks, our revolting and our sulking, give in and be graceful about it. We are all individualists: we are all egoists: we all believe intensely in freedom, our own at all events. We all want to be absolute, and sufficient unto ourselves. And it is a great blow to our self-esteem that we simply *need* another human being. We don't mind airily picking and choosing among women—or among men, if we are a woman. But to have to come down to the nasty, sharp-pointed brass tacks of admitting: My God, I can't live without that obstreperous woman of mine! —this is terribly humiliating to our isolated conceit.

And when I say: "without that woman of mine" I do not mean a mistress, the sexual relation in the French sense. I mean the woman, my relationship to the woman herself. There is hardly a man living who can exist at all cheerfully without a relationship to some particular woman: unless, of course, he makes another man play the rôle of woman. And the same of woman. There is hardly a woman on earth who can live cheerfully without some intimate relationship to a man; unless she substitutes some other woman for the man.

So there it is. Now for three thousand years men, and women, have been struggling against this fact. In Buddhism, particularly, a man could never possibly attain the supreme Nirvana if he so much as saw a woman out of the corner of his eye. "Alone I did it!" is the proud assertion of the gentleman who attains Nirvana. And "Alone I did it!" says the Christian whose soul is saved. They are the religions of overweening individualism, resulting, of course, in our disastrous modern egoism of the individual. Marriage, which on earth is a sacrament, is dissolved by the decree absolute of death. In heaven there is no giving and taking in marriage. The soul in heaven is supremely individual, absolved from every relationship except that with the Most High. In heaven there is neither marriage nor love, nor friendship nor fatherhood nor motherhood, nor sister nor brother nor cousin: there is just me, in my perfected isolation, placed in per-

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fect relation to the Supreme, the Most High.

When we talk of heaven, we talk, really, of that which we would most like to attain, and most like to be here on earth. The condition of heaven is the condition to be longed for, striven for, now.

Now, if I say to a woman, or to a man: "Would you like to be purely free of all human relationships, free from father and mother, brother and sister, husband, lover, friend, or child? free from all these human entanglements, and reduced purely to your own pure self, connected only with the Supreme Power, the Most High?"—then what would the answer be? What is the answer, I ask you? What is your own sincere answer?

I expect, in almost all cases, it is an emphatic "yes." In the past, most men would have said "yes," and most women "no." But to-day, I think, many men might hesitate, and nearly all women would unhesitatingly say "yes."

Modern men, however, have so nearly achieved this Nirvana-like condition of having no real human relationships at all, that they are beginning to wonder what and where they are. What are you, when you've asserted your grand independence, broken all the ties, or "bonds," and reduced yourself to a "pure" individuality? What are you?

You may imagine you are something very grand, since few individuals even approximate to this independence without falling into deadly egoism and conceit: and emptiness. The real danger is, reduced to your own single merits and cut off from the most vital human contacts, the danger is that you are left just simply next to nothing. Reduce any individual, man or woman, to his elements, or her elements, and what is she? what is he? Extremely little! Take Napoleon, and stick him alone on a miserable island, and what is he?—a peevish, puerile little flow. Put Mary Stuart in a nasty stone castle of a prison, and she becomes merely a catty little person. Now Napoleon was not a peevish, puerile little fellow, even if he became such when isolated on St. Helena. And Mary Queen of Scots was only a catty little person when she was isolated in Fotheringay or some such hole. This grand isolation, this reducing of ourselves to our very elemental selves, is the greatest fraud of all. It is like plucking the peacock naked of all his feathers to try to get at the real bird. When you've plucked the peacock bare, what have you got? Not the peacock, but the naked corpse of a bird.

And so it is with us and our grand individualism. Reduce any of us to the *mere* individual that we are, and what do we become? Napoleon becomes a peevish, puerile little fellow, Mary Queen of Scots becomes a catty little person, St. Simeon Stylites, stuck up on his pillar, becomes a conceited lunatic, and we, wonderful creatures as we are, become trashy, conceited little modern egoists. The world to-day is full of silly, impertinent egoists who have broken all the finer human ties, and base their claims to superiority on their own emptiness and nullity. But the empty ones are being found out. Emptiness, which makes a fair noise, deceives for a short time only.

The fact remains that when you cut off a man and isolate him in his own pure and wonderful individuality, you haven't got the man at all, you've only got the dreary fag-end of him. Isolate Napoleon, and he is nothing. Isolate Immanuel Kant, and his grand ideas will still go on tick-tick-ticking inside his head, but unless he could write them down and communicate them, they might as well be the ticking of the

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death-watch beetle. Take even Buddha himself, if he'd been whisked off to some lonely place and planted cross-legged under a bhô-tree and nobody had ever seen him or heard any of his Nirvana talk, then I doubt he would have got much fun out of Nirvana, and he'd have been just a crank. In absolute isolation, I doubt if any individual amounts to much; or if any soul is worth saving, or even having. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." But if there were no other men to be lifted, the whole show would be a fiasco.

So that everything, even individuality itself, depends on relationship. "God cannot do without me," said an eighteenth-century Frenchman. What he meant was, that if there were no human beings, if Man did not exist, then God, the God of Man, would have no meaning. And it is true. If there were no men and women, Jesus would be meaningless. In the same way, Napoleon on St. Helena became meaningless, and the French nation lost a great part of its meaning without him in connection with his army and the nation; a great power streamed out of Napoleon, and from the French people there streamed back to him a great responsive power, and therein lay his greatness and theirs. That is, in the relationship. The light shines only when the circuit is completed. The light does not shine with one half of the current. Every light is some sort of completed circuit. And so is every life, if it is going to be a life.

We have our very individuality in relationship. Let us swallow this important and prickly fact. Apart from our connections with other people, we are barely individuals, we amount, all of us, to next to nothing. It is in the living touch between us and other people, other lives, other phenomena that we move and have our being. Strip us of our human contacts and of our contact with the living earth and the sun, and we are almost bladders of emptiness. Our individuality means nothing. A skylark that was alone on an island would be songless and meaningless, his individuality gone, running about like a mouse in the grass. But if there were one female with him, it would lift him singing into the air, and restore him his real individuality.

And so with men and women. It is in relationship to one another that they have their true individuality and their distinct being: in contact, not out of contact. This is sex, if you like. But it is no more sex than sunshine on the grass is sex. It is a living contact, give and take: the great and subtle relationship of men and women, man and woman. In this and through this we become real individuals; without it, without the real contact, we remain more or less nonentities.

But, of course, it is necessary to have the contact alive and unfixed. It is not a question of: Marry the woman and have done with it—That is only one of the stupid recipes for avoiding contact and killing contact. There are many popular dodges for killing every possibility of true contact: like sticking a woman on a pedestal, or the reverse, sticking her beneath notice; or making a "model" housewife of her, or a "model" mother, or a "model" helpmeet. All mere devices for avoiding any contact with her. A woman is not a "model" anything. She is not even a distinct and definite personality. It is time we got rid of these fixed notions. A woman is a living fountain whose spray falls delicately around her, on all that come near. A woman is a strange soft vibration on the air, going forth unknown and unconscious, and seeking a vibration of response. Or else she is a discordant, jarring, painful vibration,

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going forth and hurting every one within range. And a man the same. A man, as he lives and moves and has being, is a fountain of life-vibration, quivering and flowing toward some one, something that will receive his outflow and send back an inflow, so that a circuit is completed, and there is a sort of peace. Or else he is a source of irritation, discord, and pain, harming every one near him.

But while we remain healthy and positive, we seek all the time to come into true human relationship with other human beings. Yet it has to happen, the relationship, almost unconsciously. We can't *deliberately* do much with a human connection, except smash it: and that is usually not difficult. On the positive side we can only most carefully let it take place, without interfering or forcing.

We are laboring under a false conception of ourselves. For centuries, man has been the conquering hero, and woman has been merely the string to his bow, part of his accoutrement. Then woman was allowed to have a soul of her own, a separate soul. So the separating business started, with all the clamor of freedom and independence. Now the freedom and independence have been rather overdone, they lead to an empty nowhere, the rubbish-heap of all our dead feelings and waste illusions.

The conquering hero business is as obsolete as Marshal Hindenburg, and about as effective. The world sees attempts at revival of this stunt, but they are usually silly, in the end. Man is no longer a conquering hero. Neither is he a supreme soul isolated and alone in the universe, facing the unknown in the eternity of death. That stunt is also played out, though the pathetic boys of today keep on insisting on it, especially the pathetic boys who wrap themselves in the egoistic pathos of their sufferings during the late war.

But both stunts are played out, both the conquering hero and the pathetic hero clothed in suffering and facing Eternity in the soul's last isolation. The second stunt is, of course, more popular to-day, and still dangerous to the self-pitying, played-out specimens of the younger generation. But for all that, it is a dead stunt, finished.

What a man has to do to-day is to admit, at last, that all these fixed ideas are no good. As a fixed object, even as an individuality or a personality, no human being, man or woman, amounts to much. The great I AM does not apply to human beings, so they may as well leave it alone. As soon as anybody, man or woman, becomes a great I AM, he becomes nothing. Man or woman, each is a flow, a flowing life. And without one another, we can't flow, just as a river cannot flow without banks. A woman is one bank of the river of my life, and the world is the other. Without the two shores, my life would be a marsh. It is the relationship to woman, and to my fellow men, which makes me myself a river of life.

And it is this, even, that gives me my soul. A man who has never had a vital relationship to any other human being doesn't really have a soul. We cannot feel that Immanuel Kant ever had a soul. A soul is something that forms and fulfils itself in my contacts, my living touch with people I have loved or hated or truly known. I am born with the clew to my soul. The wholeness of my soul I must achieve. And by my soul I mean my wholeness. What we suffer from to-day is the lack of a sense of our own wholeness, or completeness, which is peace. What we lack, what the young lack, is a sense of being whole in themselves. They feel so scrappy, they have

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no peace. And by peace I don't mean inertia, but the full flowing of life, like a river.

We lack peace because we are not whole. And we are not whole because we have known only a tithe of the vital relationships we might have had. We live in an age which believes in stripping away the relationships. Strip them away, like an onion, till you come to pure, or blank nothingness. Emptiness. That is where most men have come now: to a knowledge of their own complete emptiness. They wanted so badly to be "themselves" that they became nothing at all: or next to nothing.

It is not much fun, being next to nothing. And life ought to be fun, the greatest fun. Not merely "having a good time," in order to "get away from yourself." But real fun in being yourself. Now there are two great relationships possible to human beings: the relationship of man to woman, and the relationship of man to man. As regards both, we are in a hopeless mess.

But the relationship of man to woman is the central fact in actual human life. Next comes the relationship of man to man. And, a long way after, all the other relationships, fatherhood, motherhood, sister, brother, friend.

A young man said to me the other day, rather sneeringly, "I'm afraid I can't believe in the regeneration of England by sex." I said to him: "I'm sure you can't." He was trying to inform me that he was above such trash as sex, and such commonplace as women. He was the usual vitally below par, hollow and egoistic young man, infinitely wrapped up in himself, like a sort of mummy that will crumble if unwrapped.

And what is sex, after all, but the symbol of the relation of man to woman, woman to man? And the relation of man to woman is wide as all life. It consists in infinite different flows between the two beings, different, even apparently contrary. Chastity is part of the flow between man and woman, as to physical passion. And beyond these, an infinite range of subtle communication which we know nothing about. I should say that the relation between any two decently married people changes profoundly every few years, often without their knowing anything about it; though every change causes pain, even if it brings a certain joy. The long course of marriage is a long event of perpetual change, in which a man and a woman mutually build up their souls and make themselves whole. It is like rivers flowing on, through new country, always unknown.

But we are so foolish, and fixed by our limited ideas. A man says: "I don't love my wife any more, I no longer want to sleep with her." But why should he always want to sleep with her? How does he know what other subtle and vital interchange is going on between him and her, making them both whole, in this period when he doesn't want to sleep with her? And she, instead of jibbing and saying that all is over and she must find another man and get a divorce—why doesn't she pause, and listen for a new rhythm in her soul, and look for the new movement in the man? With every change, a new being emerges, a new rhythm establishes itself; we renew our life as we grow older, and there is real peace. Why, oh, why do we want one another to be always the same, fixed, like a menu card that is never changed?

If only we had more sense. But we are held by a few fixed ideas, like sex, money, what a person "ought" to be, and so forth, and we miss the whole of life. Sex is a changing thing, now alive, now quiescent, now fiery, now apparently

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quite gone, quite gone. But the ordinary man and woman haven't the gumption to take it in all its changes. They demand crass, crude sex-desire, they demand it always, and when it isn't forthcoming, then—smash-bash! smash up the whole show. Divorce! Divorce!

I am so tired of being told that I want mankind to go back to the condition of savages. As if modern city people weren't about the crudest, rawest, most crassly savage monkeys that ever existed, when it comes to the relation of man and woman. All I see in our vaunted civilization is men and women smashing each other emotionally and psychically to bits, and all I ask is that they should pause and consider.

For sex, to me, means the whole of the relationship between man and woman. Now this relationship is far greater than we know. We only know a few crude forms—mistress, wife, mother, sweetheart. The woman is like an idol, or a marionette, always forced to play one rôle or another: sweetheart, mistress, wife, mother. If only we could break up this fixity, and realize the unseizable quality of real woman: that a woman is a flow, a river of life, quite different from a man's river of life: and that each river must flow in its own way, though without breaking its bounds: and that the relation of man to woman is the flowing of two rivers side by side, sometimes even mingling, then separating again, and travelling on. The relationship is a lifelong change and a lifelong travelling. And that is sex. At periods, sex-desire itself departs completely. Yet the great flow of the relationship goes on all the same, undying, and this is the flow of living sex, the relation between man and woman, that lasts a lifetime, and of which sex-desire is only one vivid, most vivid, manifestation.

"The Real Thing," an article by D. H. Lawrence, developing further his philosophy of life, will appear in an early number.

Apple Tree

By Dorothy Tyler

There is nothing, you said, like an apple tree
For winter-ridden mortality,
To bring the birds from where they've gone,
Building their nests and singing at dawn.
There is nothing, you said, like the blossom smell
To make one gay and young and well—
A fragrance coming with the air,
To kiss in spring the cheeks and hair:
And nothing like the fruit, at last,
With autumn come and summer past—
An apple tree will give its all,
Then wait for spring and another fall.
No, there's nothing, you said, like an apple tree
For winter-ridden mortality.

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J. E. B. STUART

I. Portrait of a Cavalryman

BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Jeb Stuart was a symbol, a gonfalon that went before the swift lean columns of the Confederacy. Fearless, hard riding, gallant, he was the Beau Ideal of his time, the Knight Romantic of the Old South. Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., of the Marine Corps, whose "Fix Bayonets!" is a notable achievement in word and picture and one of the most stirring and realistic descriptions of modern war ever written, has done the biography of the great cavalry leader, of which this is the first instalment. Captain Thomason has had access to documents hitherto unpublished. He has long been a student of military campaigns and history. This presentation of one fighting man by another is realistic, authoritative—and, above all, written in a pulse-quickening tempo.

I SAT at the feet of our old men who fought in our War of the Southern Confederacy and asked them the questions that boys ask: "What did Stonewall Jackson look like? What sort of a man was Longstreet?—A. P. Hill? . . ."

"Well, son"—after deep thought—"Old Stonewall looked—he looked like his pictures. You've seen his pictures. Longstreet, he was a thick-set sort of fellow, with a bushy beard. A. P. Hill was red-headed. . . ." But when you ask about Jeb Stuart, their eyes light up and their faces quicken, and they describe details of his dress, his fighting jacket and his plume—and they hum you songs he loved and tell you how his voice sounded.

Jeb Stuart filled the eye. He was strong and ruddy, and in late 1862, commissioned major-general with a year and a few months left to live, he was just under thirty. He had a dark brown flaring beard and wide mustaches that showed bronze lights in the sun. He was five feet, eleven inches tall, and he rode at a hundred and seventy-five pounds. He was large boned, long in the arms and the legs and short in the body, and he looked best on a horse. He had a blue and merry eye, which turned dark and piercing when battle warmed him or his temper flamed. His nose was chiselled and adventurous, the kind of nose Napoleon admired in generals. There is a West Point portrait taken when he graduated, which shows him clean-shaven—a face not handsome. The jaw is too long and hard in its angle, and the chin too short, and his classmates called him "Beauty Stuart," "in inverse ratio," says Fitz Lee, "to the compliment implied." When he went to duty with the Mounted Rifles out in Texas, he let his whiskers grow, and they wrote back East that "Beauty" was the first man a beard ever improved. Certainly, as a beard, it was impressive, and the face that looked over it was fine and bold.

Also, there was an elegance about him. He wore gauntlets of white buck-

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skin, and rode in a gray shell jacket, double-breasted, buttoned back to show a close gray vest. His sword, a light French sabre—for he never carried, in the Confederate War, the United States Officers' sword of the old Service—was belted over a cavalry sash of golden silk with tasselled ends. His gray horseman's cloak was lined with scarlet: his wife made it. General Lee, he wrote her, admired it; and he deplored to her the bullet which whipped away its fur collar at Fredericksburg. His horse furniture and equipment were polished leather and bright metal, and he liked to wear a red rose in his jacket when the roses bloomed, and a love-knot of red ribbon when flowers were out of season. His soft, fawn-colored hat was looped up on the right with a gold star, and adorned with a curling ostrich feather. His boots sported little knightly spurs of gold—admiring ladies, even those who never saw him in their lives, sent him such things. He went conspicuous, all gold and glitter, in the front of great battles and in a hundred little cavalry fights which killed men just as dead as Gettysburg.

This was the Stuart of the cavalry reviews which he loved to hold—the military dandy Richmond saw on his infrequent visits from the front, and his turnout for such battles as Fredericksburg, where he had a fixed headquarters, and time to preen himself. But in the field there was nothing of the parade soldier about him except his bearing; his finery was continually plastered with Virginia mud and weathered with the dust and rain. His wife, who was charged with the replacement of his uniforms, had endless commissions to execute in Richmond, and the military tailors, as long as there was fine gray cloth and gold braid in the Confederacy, must have esteemed his business above other trade. He was seldom at headquarters anywhere. He lived in contact with the enemy; it was his idea of a cavalryman's proper place. He rewards a squadron for smart service by keeping it in its advanced position until the officers represent that it is their turn to go back for rest and refreshment; they are tired. "Oh, you don't want to go back to camp," he tells them. "There's nothing back there. It isn't interesting back there. . . ." For he was never tired himself. He was immensely strong and he died before he found the limits to his endurance.

He wore out his horses and he wore out his men. He rode big animals of the hunter type, blood bays with black points for choice, and his brother, William Alexander, was kept on the lookout for such mounts. Admirers gave him horses, splendid blooded creatures like Star of the East from Farquier, and Skylark from Maryland; none of them lasted long under the service he exacted. He rides for fifty hours—as in the Gettysburg campaign, holding, toward the last, the wretched troopers behind him in their saddles by sheer force of personality; the column halts while a detail is dismounted to pull down a rail fence, and the detail falls asleep across the rails it is moving, and the rest fall asleep in their saddles, and the horses stumble and roll against each other in ranks—and only then does he grant an hour's rest, very much disgusted because he has to grant it.

Lee's judgment on officers is of attested soundness; he says of Stuart, talking to Wade Hampton in the after years at Lexington:

"General Stuart was my ideal of a soldier. He was always cheerful under all circumstances, and always ready for any work, and always reliable. When he stopped for a night's rest, he could

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throw himself on the ground, and, with his saddle or a log for a pillow, he would fall asleep almost immediately and sleep as if in a bed. Then, if I sent an officer with an order, he was awake at the first call or touch. When his eyes opened, his mind became fully awake. He did not have to yawn or stretch to get himself awake but his mind and body seemed to awake at the same time and to become active and alert. Before any other officer that I ever had could get himself and his men awake, he would be in the saddle, have his men in line and be ready to move."

It was said of him also, that he never made a tactical error—a statement, in the light of military history, hardly to be accepted as the literal truth; but it was what they believed of him in Lee's army. There was, however, civilian opinion, such as that of Pollard, the editor, to the effect that he was a fine soldier but too reckless, gay, and irresponsible, to be trusted with important operations. Certainly he took the longest, most fantastic chances, seemed to love danger for its own sake, delighted much in practical jokes, even chaffed the solemn Jackson, made endless fun of Prussian von Borcke's broken English. And yet, the contemporary editors were a little prejudiced; Stuart treated them with scant consideration and refused reporters access to his camps with no courtesy whatever; he believed in secrecy where military operations were concerned. As a consequence, the Richmond papers dealt meanly with the cavalry through most of the war, and Stuart's private letters show that he was highly sensitive to the slights they put upon him. But he might have known that reporters are human; they had to write something.

He was a social type, loving people, laughing much, and leading out in song; for he had a rich and golden voice. He was fond of charades and wrote execrable poetry, and affected anagrams. There was never any sadness where he was.

"Yessir, Ah'll tell you one t'ing," says General Lee's old camp servant, after the war. "It mek no diff'ence how quiet our headquartehs wuz—" and I think General Lee's headquarters were usually quiet—"wid'in ten minutes uv de time Ginerul Stua't ride up to visit us, everybody would be a-laffin! And Ah'll tell you another thing, sah, Ginerul Stua't wuz de only one uv dem big gineruls whut neveh did tech a drap!" And Lee says, coming out of his tent to the camp-fire, where the young officers of his staff, and some of the old ones too, sat singing with Stuart, and a large stone jug, such as applejack comes in, sat on a stone, "Gentlemen, am I to thank General Stuart, or the jug, for this fine music?" The remark is close to the point, like everything Lee says; Stuart was a strong stimulant to all who tasted of his quality, and not a stimulus that died out and let you down. "Keep him away—keep him away from my camp!" protests A. P. Hill. "Every time Jeb Stuart comes around, with Sweeny and his banjo, he makes all my division want to 'jine' the cavalry!" The headquarters of the Cavalry Corps are dry—utterly so. Stout Major von Borcke, his gallant Prussian adjutant and inspector, who loves his glass, taken in quantity by the camp-fire, must ride over to Longstreet's headquarters, to foregather with Longstreet's jolly medical officers, for his evening dram. Himself, Stuart never needed any stimulant; life intoxicated him. He drank deep of it and had a gusto for it all—fine horses, and the beauty of women and the gallantry of men, the rich splendor of the seasons in Virginia, the crash and excitement of battle, and the bright face of danger.

He gathered to himself a train of od-

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dities. When the cavalry commands were forming into regiments at the opening of the war, he came upon Joseph Sweeny, a fellow apt upon the banjo, furnished with all the tunes, who sprang to arms from a minstrel troup, electing to serve mounted. Sweeny was at once detailed to the Escort, and where Stuart went, he went, with his banjo and his ditties. The by-ways of Virginia heard old joyous snatches ringing above the thudding of the horses' hoofs. Small country towns awoke at night, and the girls turned out in their stored finery for impromptu dances, where Sweeny's banjo pitched the measure and Jeb Stuart led the rout. But if it chanced to be Saturday night, everything stopped at twelve o'clock; Jeb Stuart had serious ideas about Sunday.

There was also Hagan, an enormous man, smothered to the eyes in hair, and of corpulent habit, a forager of rare parts, with a nose for a Virginia ham, and for Yankee delicacies in an overtaken wagon train, which emergencies only sharpened. This Hagan was a corporal of the Escort in the Peninsula fighting in 1862, and Stuart mentions him in his reports as having been valiant above others in cavalry combat. Approbation exalted the fellow's horn remarkably; his dignity grew with his advancement, and it is related that Stuart made him a lieutenant "just to see him swell." But you also infer that Lieutenant Hagan was an able quartermaster and commissary for Escort of the Commanding General, Cavalry Corps. Stuart never wasted anything; not even his freaks and ornaments.

Most engaging of all was Major Heros von Borcke, sometime lieutenant of the 3d Regiment of Dragoon Guards, of Brandenburg, in Prussia. He was also a big man, six feet four inches, as tall as Rooney Lee, and heavier in the body. He had great trouble in finding horses that could carry him, and his sword, which you may see this day in the State Library in Virginia, was a straight Damascus blade of archaic pattern, with an iron hilt, large enough for a Crusader.

He ran the blockade to join the Confederate army as a gentleman volunteer, just before the battle of Seven Pines, in May of 1862; and Stuart saw him and took him along, and he served with headquarters of the Cavalry Corps as adjutant and inspector, until a minie ball cut him down at Brandy Station in June of 1863. He was brave: Stuart reports him in the front of furious assaults, charging with deep Teutonic roars and the longest sword in the army; and he was gallant and courteous with an old-world courtesy: Virginia ladies remembered him long afterward; and it was he who took Stuart's present, the new uniform frock of a lieutenant-general, to Jackson, just before Fredericksburg; and he was loyal: he held with the Confederacy to the end, receiving the thanks of the Confederate Congress in 1864 and going, when it was definitely established that he could do no more field service because of his wounds, on a diplomatic mission to England in the last months of the war. He lived to write a book, "My Memoir of the Confederate War," wherein he makes good stories of the least events and perhaps sins a little against accuracy, but always preserves the authentic flavor of the gallant ways of that Service.

So much for Jeb Stuart as the army saw him. There was another side, perhaps the true one. A letter to his brother, early in the war, gives the key: "I realize that if we oppose force to force we cannot win, for their resources are greater than ours. We must make up in quality what we lack in numbers. We must

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substitute *esprit* for numbers. Therefore, I strive to inculcate in my men the spirit of the chase . . ." Here is the answer to Pollard's complaint about his lightness. His military problems were too serious to treat seriously. The weight against him, of men and horses and arms, was too great for his people to be allowed to contemplate. Therefore, he showed a happy face and led them to battle as to a fox hunt, held them joyously to hopeless odds, and fought light cavalry as nobody has fought it since Napoleon's time.

Do not forget that he was Scotch-Irish, that there is a strain of gloom in that blood. His letters to his brother, William Alexander, reveal that the thought of death was never out of his mind. In early 1862 he had his life insured for $10,000, enough to provide something for his wife and children; the thought of them, exposed to want after his death, was always with him. "For I may be killed or captured tomorrow or any day," he says, "and they must look to you for support . . ."

He believes passionately in the cause of Southern independence: if anything happens to him, he urges his brother to see to it that his wife and children never go north of Mason's and Dixon's line. He thinks blackly on occasions, and reveals it to intimates; does not wish to survive his country's liberties; hopes, if he is to die, that he will be killed in a cavalry charge. And to his brother again, at the opening of the 1864 campaign, "We will have a battle here, probably in ten days. May God give us the victory and cover our heads in the day of battle." This, the man who stands up before the army to be shot at, and risks himself in affairs of videttes like any common trooper, and has a name for flaming courage in an army which refused to respect any officer who was not courageous.

His religion and his God were part of his daily life: "Pray for me in the coming struggle," he writes his brother in 1863; "with me, no moment of the battle has ever been too momentous for prayer." When he was twelve years old he was swept, on the tide of a revival meeting, into the Methodist church. Posted to the Regiment of Mounted Rifles, he found that the only chaplain out there was Episcopalian, and the only active congregation, Church of England. After long thoughts, and correspondence with his parents back in Virginia, he has himself confirmed, because that was the only way in which he could participate in worship. I do not think he was bound by creed, but he had an instinct to take part in things.

In the Confederacy he was active in his support of chaplains, encouraging them to ride with the cavalry, and giving them aid in the distribution of tracts and the holding of meetings among the men. His letters, his remembered conversations, and even his official papers make it plain that his religion was an active force in everything he did, and he had a very simple earnest faith in the wisdom and the goodness of God. Sweeny's banjo was attuned also to hymns: on Sundays, Cavalry Headquarters had its music, but it was sacred music—"Rock of Ages" for "Alabama Gals, Won't You Come Out Tonight?" and "I Would Not Live Alway" for "Old Joe Hooker, Won't You Come Out o' the Wilderness."

On questions of duty, as on questions of faith, he never made any compromise: "I have the reputation of being very fond of saying 'no,' " he writes his wife, "but I have had but one rule of action from the first and that was duty." He writes her again, "I have had to re-

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lieve —— from duty with the cavalry corps. He may do well elsewhere but he is not sufficiently fearless for me . . . ," this of an officer who bears an honored name and who had served on his staff through four campaigns and served with credit afterward. But the people around Jeb Stuart had to measure up to Jeb Stuart's standards. I do not find that he ever made allowances. Colonel Rosser misunderstands an order—in view of the Confederate habit of sending important orders verbally, no hard thing to do—and goes to the wrong place. Stuart is furious. Though other troops, not tired, are nearer, an aide rides fifteen miles with a peremptory message, and Rosser, just bivouacked after a day's march in freezing weather, must rouse his squadrons and come back through the sleety night to his proper station. And Rosser, a good fighting colonel, does not think so much of Stuart, writing after the war. It followed that Stuart exacted a very high quality of obedience; and men loved him, or hated, or envied, and no doubt some feared him: but they were never indifferent.

When the Cavalry Corps rode north on the Gettysburg campaign, Jeb Stuart had a shopping list, small things his wife needed. Most married officers carried such a list, since the Virginia merchants were experiencing difficulty in restocking and there were many articles of women's gear that could not be bought at home. On the 16th of July, back in Virginia, he forwarded the list with most of the articles—needles, shoe buttons, hooks and eyes, shoe strings, kid gloves—checked off. One item he could not get—fifteen yards of black silk for a dress. He explained that he had shopped around in Maryland and Pennsylvania and found one store with ten yards of suitable material but he knew ten yards was not enough.

Active as his service was, he found time to write Flora Stuart nearly every day. Some of these letters are short notes, written on a knee thrown across his saddle-bow. And I attest that they are very lovely letters for any woman to receive. She was the daughter of Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, commanding the 2d U. S. Dragoons when Stuart was a lieutenant in his first year's service. He met her and married her at Leavenworth, all within fourteen days, in November, 1855. They had nine years of married life, broken from first to last by the exigencies of the Service. In Virginia she visited the army as often as she could, and was a charming presence, people relate, in his infrequent periods of repose. But their meetings were never enough for either of them, and he seldom felt free to ask for leave, nor will he absent himself from the lines, while Fredericksburg fight is brewing, to visit the little daughter who is deathly sick. He shows his wife, with much tenderness, how duty and the country's need transcend all personal desires. "I must leave my daughter in the hands of God: my duty to the country requires me here." The little daughter dies, and only two aides know how terrible is his grief and how he yields to it in private: the army sees him ride, splendid and debonair as ever. But when he lies dying, he says: "Soon I'll be with my little Flora." The day of Yellow Tavern, he snatched an hour at dawn with his wife at Doctor Fountaine's house at Beaver Dam, while his brigades were assembling to strike Sheridan: he will be shot at noon, and seems to know it beforehand, his aide thinks. And next day, in Richmond, he clung very hard to life, so that he might see her again: but he died before she came.

She was a superior woman, and though all the fine women, young and

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old, in the counties where he campaigned, lavished admiration upon him with notable unrestraint, she was the only woman in his life.

In the winter of 1862 the Army of Northern Virginia lay behind the Rappahannock, Longstreet's First Corps above Fredericksburg, Jackson's Second Corps below the town, toward Port Conway, and the brigades of the Cavalry Corps in extended observation on either flank. The great battles of that year were behind the Army of Northern Virginia: it had defeated three invasions: McClellan on the Peninsula in June, Pope at Second Manassas in August, Burnside at Fredericksburg in December. It had fought the Sharpsburg action in Maryland, in September. From these fights there had emerged enduring military reputations: brigade and battery and division commanders were pointed out to you if you rode through the encampments. There was Wade Hampton, with his curly beard, his air of a great gentleman of an elder time, and his mania for personal combat. There were Fitz Lee and Rooney Lee, the other two cavalry brigadiers. There was Lafayette McLaws, florid, crisp-bearded, of Roman aspect; and peppery D. H. Hill, who is, about now, disapproving an infantryman's application for transfer to the regimental band, with his indorsement: "Shooters, not tooters, are needed in this service." You would see Hood, long-haired and blond and unsubtle; and Gordon of Georgia, and old implacable Jubal Early, and R. H. Anderson, and Ambrose Powell Hill, red-headed and able. And Pendleton and Poague and Pegram, and the gallant Pelham, artilleryists. Riding through the First Corps, you were likely to meet Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, burly and combative as a bull in a field. Toward Moss's Neck, in the Second Corps, was Lieutenant-General Jackson, observing with sour, sharp attention the least activity of his command—a silent, ungraceful officer with a great breath of fame about him, these days. And you might meet, riding thoughtfully on the gray gelding Traveller, General Lee. But when you came upon the long-legged horse soldier, Lee's "young Major-General," James Ewell Brown Stuart, who led the Cavalry Corps, jingling on the frozen road with his red-lined cloak blown free, his smart young aides at heel, all singing as they rode, to Sweeny's music, you saw a man you would remember as long as you lived.

The Confederate service did not lack for picturesque individuals, flaming gentlemen at arms, who brought to this war sound military aptitude, and the color, also, of the age of chivalry. But Stuart was something more than any of them. I think each foot-sore infantryman, each gunner pounding by, every hard-riding trooper, saw in Jeb Stuart the man he would like to be himself.

Jeb Stuart was a symbol, a gonfalon that went before the swift, lean columns of the Confederacy. He served as the eyes and ears of Lee: his hands touched the springs of vast events. His Commanding General said of him, at the last, the finest thing history records of any cavalry officer: "He never sent me a piece of false information."

Hereafter I have endeavored to reconstruct some of the works of this man. His type, the general, charging with his sword out, in the front of battle, is gone from the world. His kind of war has given over to a drab affair of chemistry, propaganda, and mathematics. Never, anywhere, will there be his like again.

"Jeb Stuart Captures John Brown," by Captain Thomason, will appear in the June SCRIBNER'S.

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A sharply limned study of three girls who in different fashion respond to the environment of polite learning and ladylike culture, by one of the most promising of the distinctively American writers.

The Golden Egg

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

THE friendship between the two women began with letters a long way back. It began when the young one, Ada Madders, was in college with the sister of the other one, Ethel Gregory.

Sylvia Gregory told her friend that she ought to know her sister Ethel, since she had never seen two people with more in common. The other girls in the house took this up and were always chanting that Ada and Ethel ought to become acquainted, since they were certainly two of a kind. Ethel Gregory had lived in the same house three years before and had been considered by the other girls as a little peculiar in the same way that they now thought of Ada Madders as peculiar. The two girls were considered different from the others because they read so many books for pleasure. Ethel Gregory was now out of college and very dull in a small town. Hearing so much of Ada Madders through her sister, she finally began to write letters to Ada. The two began a brisk correspondence back and forth and found they had read the same books and shared a good many of the same lofty notions. Their letters were always four and six cent letters and Ada was very happy writing to Sylvia's sister.

At that time Sylvia was her best friend and they spent a good deal of time together digging up all the details of their past lives. Poor Sylvia was undergoing a disappointment in a love-affair, and to equalize their confidences Ada made up a fictitious episode with a young man who she pretended was at Harvard. She was not a girl to be chased as yet in college, and as the other girls always took care to tell young men callers of the many books Ada read and of her great cleverness, she was pretty well let alone. She made up this little romance and was able to work up all the feelings incidental to it out of her own heart. The story rolled up like a ball and Ada began to be just as flighty and nervous as she would have been if the story had been true. In the midst of her confidences Ada sometimes had a terrible pang of guilt to be telling a lie and she promised herself, Oh, Lord, I'll do penance for it. I'll never tell another lie, but just this once. She was inwardly convinced that she would have to pay for it, and the idea occurred to her that she might be called upon to pay by forfeiting all real romance forever.

When this idea took hold of her, it made her friendship with Sylvia all the more intense. Now she was making a genuine sacrifice for friendship. She continued to round out her romance, and

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the conviction that it might be the last one in her life made her picture it as very desperate. One warm spring night the two girls were out walking toward the edge of town. They sat down on the wall of a deserted house. A heavy bush of lilacs coming into blossom hung over them, and Ada broke down and cried pitifully. Soon the school year would be over and she would be without a friend as she was now without a sweetheart. Sylvia cried too, and they both pictured themselves going back to their home towns to live and die old maids. For some reason this sad future did not make Ada unhappy, although she still continued to weep a little for the looks of it.

The two friends had to part at vacation time and a steady stream of letters went back and forth. Ada Madders wrote to both sisters, but to the older one, whom she had never seen, she wrote of books, beauty, and ideals, and to Sylvia she wrote descriptions of the evening, the sunset, music, and of her sorrow over her faithless lover. Ada did not hesitate to bring fresh conflicts with this lover into her correspondence with Sylvia, and her ingenuity gave her such an advantage that she overdid her grieving. She was a better letter-writer than Sylvia and outdid her in expressions of despair. Sylvia began to be a little jealous of this consuming grief. After all, she too had been jilted. The way Ada wrote any one would think she alone suffered. The suspicion also came to Sylvia that her friend was enjoying it. Sylvia was a healthy girl and anxious to forget her sad past and to begin going out with the boys again. This continual reminiscing kept her forever boiling in sorrow. She was also made to feel ashamed by the excess of Ada's grief, which in some way reproached her for no longer feeling so strongly about her broken love-affair.

People were always saying that she was the shallow one and Ethel the deep one, and this irritated her. In spite of her good nature she flared up one day as she read one of Ada's sad and burning letters and said, "She makes me tired. I know she suffers, but I get tired hearing of it all the time. It just about makes me like Bettina better." Ethel was at that moment writing to Ada and she turned on her sister a long stare. She decided it would be only kindness to repeat this remark to Ada. She had the highest motives and wrote only in the interests of the good friendship of them all.

This letter struck Ada like a blow. She had just as good as forgotten the origin of her sick love-affair. It had eaten into her without her knowing it and she was a great trial to her family. She went around with the drawn look of one who suffers, finicky about her food, insufferably sensitive about slamming doors and loud noises. She looked positively green and seemed to live only to write letters. Late at night she was scribbling away, her eyes dark with circles. She was a sight and would listen to no one. Every penny she could lay her hands on was saved for a trip to Sylvia's home in the future. She had played the part of one who has been jilted so well that she now thought only friendship could mend the hurt of living.

She could hardly believe that Sylvia could be so callous toward one who was suffering. Her feelings for Sylvia had a complete and terrible revulsion. Shaking and in tears she sat up half the night composing letters and tearing them up again. She took the scissors and snipped the fine nightgown she was making for her friend with thousands of tiny stitches into little pieces. Finally she decided not to write to Sylvia at all.

She wrote to Ethel and said that with her it was all or nothing. She saw now

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what a shallow thing friendship could be. The love Sylvia had given her was only a cheap thing, a copper penny. Hers had been burned in a furnace, it was real gold, and in exchange she had been given a copper coin that was worthless. She stopped crying as she read this letter. It pleased her. She could see real literary merit in it.

Ada gave this literary quality full play in her future letters to her friend Ethel. She stopped writing to Sylvia, not even answering Sylvia's indignant letter accusing Ethel of meddling in her affairs and tittle-tattling something that was never meant seriously. She put this letter away. As yet she did not have the heart to burn the letters of her friend. She tied them up with a gold cord with Sylvia's photograph and she entered on an intense phase of study and reading.

The Madders and the Gregorys lived in small towns and the fathers in both instances were considerably strained for money. There was no way to send the girls back to college. The Gregorys were full of notions of refinement, and the two Gregory girls pined away, taking up music and reading, and Ethel, who had the most initiative, hacked away learning the pipe-organ and dabbling with Greek and Latin. It gave her a great feeling to think of herself as a scholar and she pushed herself to a heavy schedule of reading and studying.

Sylvia Gregory soon took up with a druggist's clerk, but her affair did not prosper and her fun was always spoiled by her sister's telling her that her admirer was not worthy of her. Ethel was so full of high ideals that she made poor Sylvia feel very humble and common as dirt, and although she kept on going with the clerk, it was without much confidence or pleasure. She was lonely in the town and regretted her rupture with Ada. In some way she was made to feel to blame. Somehow she had not been fine enough, had not the sensitive feelings of the other two. It preyed on her, and she tried her best to console herself with the druggist's clerk, who was very kind to her but did not seem romantic.

The Madders had a bigger family than the Gregorys, and Ada Madders was not allowed, nor did she wish, to remain genteel. She took the money she was saving for a trip to Sylvia's and went to business college. Her clothes from last year were smarter than the other girls', who at the most had only high-school educations, and the young fellows liked her snobbish ways. Her ways put her above the ordinary girls and they all aspired to her. It was easier to get along with men than formerly. The men suspected she had had experience and were excited by the idea of a rival. Her sudden sharp remarks hinting at disillusioned love were thought to be very deep and she started several young men on a serious tangent. Ada began to lose her pallor and she took on weight, and her point of view in letters to her friend Ethel considerably toughened.

Ethel's lot still remained unchanged. She lived like a nun and became ecstatic about beauty and religion. Her father was a pillar in the Methodist church, and Ethel now considered this church lacking in beauty. She began to go to the Episcopal church, and in long letters to Ada she raved about the significance and the beauty of worship. She was allowed to practise on the pipe-organ of this church, and sat in the half-dark mooning away by the hour.

Sylvia was tormented by her sister's example. Ethel's devotions and continual and wordy aspirations made Sylvia's simple desires seem obscure and not worth achieving. She really wanted nothing but a happy marriage and children, but Ethel insisted she should cul-

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tivate her voice, that even the Bible commanded that every one should increase the talents they were endowed with. Sylvia's voice was a very small one but she struggled with it. The lessons put a drain on her father's pocketbook but she stuck at it, working away for she knew not what end. The Gregory household churned with cultivated enterprises, with little happiness in store for anybody. The poor mother didn't know what had come over her chicks. All she wanted was to see them provided with good husbands. The only candidate so far was the druggist's clerk, and Ethel sniffed so at his pretensions, Sylvia did not have the will to encourage him. Her kind heart and her uncertainty kept her from actually turning him down, and things dragged along in a humiliating way between them. The poor girl sang a good many sad songs and wondered why it was she always felt like crying. Her remembrance of the talks she used to have with Ada touched her. It gave her pleasure to remember Ada's fanatical devotion. Now that the devotion was withdrawn, she felt very low and humble and doubted all her talents and possibilities.

Ada and Ethel kept up a steady flow of correspondence, but they disagreed continually from now on. Their first disagreement came over religion. The discussion brought to light for Ada her own conclusions. Up to now she hardly knew what she thought, but Ethel's long dissertations convinced her she believed nothing of the kind. She recalled with amusement her fear of being penalized for her lie. Romance had really crowded into her life with that lie. The lie had been a good thing. She told Ethel she believed there was no God and no immortality. Ethel deluged her with reproaches and said she was debasing herself and casting her lot with the worst materialistic thought of the ages. Now and then Ada would come back with some good hot argument. She had them up her sleeve and charged into poor Ethel, who could only answer that when it came to argument, Ada might have the best of her, but religion was not argument, it was faith, and he who was not as a little child could not enter the kingdom of heaven.

These letters began to bore Ada, who had now begun in earnest with one of the boys in the business school. Her two old college friends seemed very far away and innocent of what was going on in the world. Perhaps they would never marry or have a lover, and Ada was content to think they might die old maids.

Jobs came to her easily. She was quick and reliable, and before long felt herself capable of anything. When she wrote Ethel it was in a practical vein. She suggested the two sisters take up a business course and get out in the world. This shocked Ethel. She was now signing herself Ethyl because she thought it more beautiful, and she really lived for beauty. The business world was cruel and competitive and made women hard and unfeminine. In her opinion, men were quite right to resent such women. Sylvia would have liked to get out into such a world and quit singing, but she didn't know how to go about it with Ethyl against her. Ethyl was withering in her scorn of such a proposition and said she was afraid poor Ada was deteriorating through economic necessity. Mr. Gregory kept on paying bills and telling people what a comfort it was to have his girls at home with him instead of at school or away in the big cities.

Ada's ideas continued to broaden and she made a sudden break for San Francisco. The Madders were sensible and hard up and the mother was courageous. They let their girl draw out her savings

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and go off to the strange city. Letters between Ethyl and Ada became less and less frequent. Too much was happening to Ada and too little to Ethyl.

They never missed writing at Christmas time and Ethyl never missed Easter. Ada was sure to get a card with a huge purple cross and sacred lilies. It always made her mad to get a card reminding her of ideas she had outgrown. In revenge she occasionally sent Ethyl some modern book that was sure to shock her. But in due time a book of "Modern Prayer" was certain to arrive as a present from Ethyl. The two continually gave presents that were certain to irritate. In sending out their gifts they thought only of their own feelings. The postmarks on Ada's letters changed within the next three years. She moved in a circle to Seattle, Butte, Denver, and New Orleans. When she thought of her old friends it was with contempt that they should spoil their lives in stupid idle waiting.

Toward the end of one hot July she had a thick letter from Ethyl, a four-cent one. It announced her engagement and coming marriage. At last she had a real subject for her ecstasy and she made the most of it. In spite of the wordiness, Ada was convinced that Ethyl had hit on something real. She had tired of her scholarly gentility, and learning from some former college friends of the refined field of the Chautauqua, she had studied for the part, practised in her home town, and emerged as a story-teller for children in the Redpath Chautauqua Circuit. On this circuit she met and became engaged to Gerald Turner.

From now on the correspondence between the two friends picked up. As Mrs. Turner, Ethyl became an oracle of advice and prophecy. Gerald proved to be a tender, considerate husband and a hustler. He dropped the Chautauqua and became a first-rate bond salesman. Ethyl now took up marriage as a cause and was passionate in her resentment at any slur against its beauty. Her continual sly references to the married state, her cool assumption that only the legally wedded could know whereof she spoke, got under Ada's skin. She knew she could tell Ethyl a thing or two but it was too much trouble. She put it off and answered the long letters with brief postcards.

The Turner couple had a baby, with great difficulty to Ethyl. She wrote to Ada in detail and said she had never realized till now what it meant to go down into the valley of the shadow of death to bring back a little one for her beloved. This infuriated Ada but she laughed it off and sent the new arrival little bootees. The young mother went through a long slow convalescence, during which her pen was constantly busy on homilies about marriage and love. She was in a ferment over the high rate of divorce, the loose morals, the blind pigs of the day. She wanted to enlist a crusade for marriage so that by the suppression of everything but the noble, the institution could gradually return to its rightful aspirations.

Ada got sore at this poppycock and she finally wrote an impassioned letter advising Ethyl not to get so smug over her condition. If she was lucky, there was no reason to call it virtue. This called forth a staggering reply, and Ada did not even read it through. She was in the thick of it just then and tired and beginning to say that men were, after all, all alike.

Sylvia played no part at all in this later correspondence. Ethyl never mentioned her and she was in fact uncomfortable when she thought of her sister. She had succeeded in breaking up the unworthy affair with the drug clerk, and Sylvia now had nothing but her singing. She

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was a good daughter and gentle with her parents. Her voice improved a little but gave her no enthusiasm. Often she had to fight a desire to fall asleep. A continual drowsiness tempted her to dream. In the midst of her voice practice she would feel it steal over her. The house was so quiet and the sound of her own voice going up and down the scale frightened her. Nearly every afternoon she gave in and dropped asleep for an hour. Sometimes when she woke suddenly she felt almost light-hearted and gay. In a moment she saw the well-known bed and the furnishings and recalled that she was, after all, still in her parents' home and alone.

Mixed with homilies on marriage, Ethyl occasionally worked in a little of the practical. She did not completely recover from the baby's birth and she was concerned lest she might again become pregnant. Even in her concern she was smug over her condition as a wife, and this smugness proved too much for Ada. She wrote a sharp and intensely practical letter in which she was quite conscious of betraying her own superior knowledge.

Ethyl Turner was not at all grateful for this advice, and her reply was cold and indignant. She thought it very strange that Ada should be so well informed on something that only those in the married state should know. She wrote, in fact, as if marriage were a lodge to which Ada had not yet been elected. The temptation to put Ethyl in her place was more than Ada could withstand. She wrote boldly that marriage did not have a corner on love, that she had a lover, and had had others before him. A new love-affair had only begun for her, and as she was really happy, she did not feel like lording it over Ethyl and wrote in a friendly and merry way. Ethyl was anything but pleased at her friend's joy. She did not want to learn that any one could be happy in any irregular way, and the correspondence again cooled off between the two.

Christmas cards went back and forth and at Easter the inevitable purple cross. Now and then Ethyl could not resist expanding about her child. The girl had been named Beatrice after Dante's great love, and at five she could recite long literary legends, name the Knights of the Round Table, and patter a few phrases in French. After one of these outbursts, Ada had all she could do to keep from telling Ethyl a few sound facts. She didn't see what the father could be about to let the little one get so choked up with nonsense. By this time Ada was living in New York and she was in the habit of reading Ethyl's letters aloud to whoever was in the apartment. They always caused hilarity, but Ada herself took them quite seriously.

One night after she had threatened to tell Ethyl a thing or two, her guest rose up and said, "What, you'd do a foolish thing like that? And kill the goose that lays that golden egg!" Ada thought this over and the remark never really left her mind. She even encouraged Ethyl to run on about herself and her high ideals. After all, it gave her friends a good laugh.

She still sent an occasional book to Ethyl. She was certain to get a bunch of newspaper clippings in reply. They were reviews from Middle West papers, and they condemned the book for its sordid attitude and its people, whom no one would care to live with. Ethyl herself wrote that she did not understand how Ada could read such stark stuff, but she supposed it was a difference in temperament. She had always had a passion for beauty.

The figure of Sylvia became more and more obscure in Ada's mind. Among the

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trunk-load of childish junk she continued to haul around with her was the bundle of letters and the old photograph. Ada never looked at it, but in the spring the fresh soft air always smelled as it had the year of their friendship. And it was in the spring that most of Ada's love-affairs went on the rocks.

One day when Beatrice Turner was about eight years old, Ada was surprised to get a telegram signed Gerald Turner inviting her to lunch at the Biltmore. She was naturally curious and dressed with a certain maliciousness. She intended to be very friendly to Gerald Turner, whom, for some reason, she pitied.

Over the luncheon he confided that he had wanted to meet her for some time. He had read all her letters, and some of them he used to sneak off to the office to read to the fellows. He said he certainly admired the honest way she wrote about things. "Of course," he said, smiling apologetically, "my wife's too good for me. I don't see how I deserve her. But she doesn't know a thing about life." He said she was just like that character in one of Locke's books, Stella Maris. Her whole family were that way, going to pot looking at the stars.

"What about Sylvia? Is she still at home? She ought to have got out in the world, taken a job, and mixed with people long ago."

"Just what I said. But Ethyl wouldn't hear of it. She said Sylvia was too much of a lady. Why, it's all wrong in this day and age. The South, where I come from, is rotten with ladies like that. And you take the old man. He ran into a business failure and what did he do? He cried and prayed. I had to come to the rescue. For the whole family." He ate rapidly and nervously. When he talked, he stopped eating and looked straight at Ada. He said he hoped Ada didn't mind his breath, but he'd a little something to drink with a fellow just before lunch.

"I never noticed it," said Ada.

"Well, you wouldn't. But my wife would. She made me promise I'd never touch it again."

"No one should make another promise anything," said Ada.

"Just what I said," said Gerald. "Just exactly. I think it's a stupid law and it's my duty to break it. She thinks it my duty to keep it. There you are." They both laughed. Gerald said the trouble with people like Ethyl—but you couldn't say *people,* there wasn't anybody else like Ethyl, he was sure, in the world. The trouble with Ethyl, then, was that she made too much of little things. You take right after they married. He'd had a good friend, a bright woman, a stenographer, who had obliged him in a lot of ways, and he felt he owed her a lot of consideration. He had lunch with her, just to be nice to her, about a week after his marriage, and some neighbors were sitting at the next table. Ethyl found it out and made a fuss about it. She said it wasn't that there was anything wrong in it, it was what those neighbors might think. She said he owed her more consideration than that. Gerald Turner admitted she put him in a tight place, as he didn't like to feel like that about friends. He thought he ought to be able to go out with this woman, who had even loaned him money. He thought it so strongly that he did see that woman, and later on when the whole family got in a pinch she offered to loan him money again. That's the kind she was.

"She was in love with you," said Ada.

"Now, now, now," said Gerald, lifting his hand and laughing in a scared way. "Nothing like that. We were just friends. No, with me, there's no one but the wife. She's much too good for me." They got up from the table. Gerald had a train to

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catch, and on the way to the gates he told Ada he hoped this was only the beginning. He held her arm tightly and said he surely meant to see more of her. At the last minute he was horror-struck to remember that he had completely forgotten to buy another doll for Beatrice. It was too late, and Ada waved to him as he walked briskly down the platform with a redcap.

Ada wondered what reason he would give Ethyl for not buying the doll. He would always have to find a reason for everything. She wondered what Ethyl would write next. But no letter came for a long time. She was afraid that Gerald might have had his talk with her extorted from him and be made to feel he had betrayed his wife. He never looked Ada up again. It was almost a year before another golden egg.

The letter went on in the same old way. Ethyl was dead tired from preparations for Christmas. There was the midnight mass, the tree, the thousand and one things that went for the beauty of the day. Beatrice liked Shakespeare and they all went to the opera once a week. Ethyl read in the French with a Mlle. Denois, and she must say she liked the modern French novel better than the American or English. They never mentioned the physical except in terms of beauty.

Ada was reading this letter aloud to a group of friends, and two of the young men burst into shouts at this point and yelled, *"Merde, merde."*

And Mlle. Denois said, moreover, that all Frenchmen were like that, everything connected with the physical was spoken of in terms of beauty.

"Merde, merde," shouted the young men, almost dying of laughter. Toward the end of the letter Ada saw the name of Sylvia and she finished the letter silently. Sylvia was singing in the "Mikado" put on by a musical club. They paid their talent very well and Sylvia was glad to get it. Her voice had greatly improved, and Ethyl felt that if she just kept at it she was sure to get somewhere.

Ada would have liked to write Sylvia after this. It was a little late in the day to get anywhere, and Ada herself felt she had not got very far.

Prayer to the Sun

By John Hall Wheelock

My Father,
Here for a moment in your light I stand,
And feel upon my lifted face
Your touch, your touch, as of a father's hand.
Shine down upon me. See,
It is so little and so brief a thing
That drinks your light, remembering
The dark that was, the dark that is to be—
So soon to be again.
O let your glance fall tenderly and mild!
Have pity now, and when
The night has taken me have pity then,
Father, on me, your child.

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The Caraway Committee, "loving band of brothers," is feeding lobbyists to the lions without fear or favor—or discrimination. Frank Kent, keenest of political observers, goes behind the news to diagnose the results of the investigation with highly interesting implications.

The Great Lobby Hunt

BY FRANK R. KENT

THE extraordinary savagery of the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee, chairmanned by the caustic Caraway—which started to function last November and at this writing (late February) is still at it—plus the sinister sound of the word itself, has given to its hearings a news value that neither the revelations nor the results seem to justify. The combination—Senate savagery and sinister suggestion—produced an incredible number of newspaper columns in every section of the country. That, however, is normal enough so far as news values are concerned. The newspaper yardstick is a curious one. Almost always it measures for the surface sensation rather than for the substance of things. This is not the fault of the newspapers, though it is customary to blame them. It is merely an accurate gauge of the capacity for interest and understanding of the so-called popular mind. One of the things the great rancid reading public particularly loves is a show—the bloodier the better. The Caraway Committee, with a sure first-page instinct, while necessarily slowed down later, for a long time provided what amounted almost to a daily massacre. Its police-court methods, the insulting manners of its more active members, the browbeating and bulldozing of witnesses, the apparent assumption of congenital criminality in those who appeared before it, the constant intimation that men under oath were not telling the truth—all these things in the earlier days combined to furnish an exhibition unique in Senate investigations. Nothing quite as rough had been seen in Washington before. In telling the daily story it was impossible for the newspapers to reflect fully the nature of much of the examination. They could not adequately report all the contemptuous asides of the perambulating chairman. They could not reproduce the tone of voice in which questions were asked, or give an adequate notion of the baleful glares with which witnesses were surveyed. Little of this could be—or at any rate was—printed. The public never got the complete picture because there was too much testimony to report. It was, however, at times such as to offend the sense of fairness of spectators and reporters and create a certain sympathy for the impaled victim, even when undeserved. A good many thought and said it was outrageous but only a few wrote it. As to the victims, caught in an embarrassing fix, they were mostly in a state of cowering funk. With the thought of the unsavory Mr. Sinclair, jailed for contempt of a Senate

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committee, constantly in mind, they were not only afraid not to answer any question however absurd, but afraid to show resentment when figuratively kicked and cuffed by the committee. It was amazing what some of them stood —and stupid to stand it. There were of course two notable exceptions—Old Joe Grundy and Mrs. Gladys Moon Jones. The committee could not handle either of them. They came off with all the honors. Unquestionably his "grilling" gave Old Joe a chance to create for himself a favorable popular sentiment in Pennsylvania that did not exist before and certainly paved the way for his appointment to the Senate. As for Mrs. Jones, she simply outtalked the committee, gave it a dose of its own medicine, made it like it.

The tone of the investigation was pitched by Senator Caraway. Senator Caraway is a shrewd, fearless, ruthless sort of person whose personal character is without blemish and who does not lack ability. So far as intelligence is concerned he does not lower the Senate average—he raises it. Personally incorruptible and with a sense of humor which though not at all delicate saves him from being the bore some of his incorruptible colleagues are, Mr. Caraway has a bitter streak, a sharp, forked tongue and a vindictive disposition. It sticks out out all over him. The sweetest music to his ears is the horrid sound made by the grinding of the bones of his enemies. And all lobbyists are his enemies. He instinctively dislikes the breed. For years he has smoldered with resentment at their activities in and out of Congress, yearned for a chance to get at them. They are his pet aversion. More than a year ago he introduced a bill for their registration and restriction which has not yet been passed. His resolution for a lobby investigation, however, came at a stage of the tariff fight when it was impossible to vote against it. It passed the Senate with a whoop and Senator Caraway found himself fully clothed with power to do the job for which he had so long lusted, told by the Senate to "go to it," given as associates men with prosecuting proclivities almost equal to his own. There was not a "pull-back" boy in the lot, not one to act as a brake, not even Robinson, the one regular Republican. Borah attended only a few of the sessions, but the other three—Blaine of Wisconsin, Walsh of Montana, Robinson of Indiana—exhibited a gratifying zest for the lobby hunt that linked them together as a loving band of brothers. They pounced upon the rounded-up lobbyist like a mongoose on a snake, tearing, rending, clawing, biting. In a little while they had established a reputation as the "hardest-riding" committee Washington had ever seen. The fear of the Lord was put in the soul of the "legislative agents." Prowling about Washington relentless representatives of the committee went through their files, sifted their private correspondence, took letters, telegrams, and memoranda. Nothing was safe from them. Under such circumstances no wonder they quaked when dragged to the Capitol and faced by the terrifying Caraway, who did not perhaps literally ask "Where did you hide the body?" but whose questions were so like that in character he might just as well. And if they did not break down and confess guilt under the Caraway treatment, no wonder they gave every appearance of a chicken thief caught with the fowl under his coat when taken in hand by the grim-visaged Walsh, with his great reputation for revealing the oil-lease frauds, and but for whom Doheny, Sinclair, and Fall would to-day be generally regarded as reputable citizens, instead of being

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known by all men for what they are. And those who escaped a blood-letting from Caraway and Walsh fared perhaps worse when they fell into the crude, unskilled hands of Blaine or Robinson, who, without Caraway's brains, most ineptly imitated his manner with very poor and sometimes painful results. For example, the examination of Julius Barnes by Senator Blaine was so singularly offensive and unintelligent that Caraway himself registered disgust and stepped in to protect the witness, whose sufferings were obviously acute.

These criticisms of the committee—they are neither overdrawn nor undeserved—should not, however, for a minute mislead any one on two points:

First, that the witnesses with whom it dealt were all admirable and pure persons who without cause were badly treated and were entitled to sympathy.

Second, that the work of the committee, despite its often unnecessary offensiveness, and its publicity plays, was not without very real benefit. It would be a great mistake to think either one. In the first place while none of the witnesses was exactly of the criminal class, while none had violated any known law and some were men of standing and character, yet a considerable proportion were cheap fakers and plain humbugs, the nearly nefarious nature of whose activities needed to be aired and whose equivocations and evasions richly merited the way they were "roughed." The trouble about the committee was that it did not always discriminate and "rode" the righteous just as hard as it did those very obviously not to be so classed. Nevertheless, no clear-headed person will dispute the worth of the committee's public service, which was of such character as to dispose one to forgive most of the sins it has committed in the past and practically any it may commit in the future. Without going into details its beneficial results can be summed up as follows:

First, it laid bare the unprecedented impropriety of a United States senator who surreptitiously placed a tariff lobbyist on the Senate payroll and then sneaked him into the secret sessions of the Finance Committee. By its exposure and excoriation of Hiram Bingham of Connecticut, followed by a formal vote of Senate censure, the committee certainly strengthened the badly sagging ethical standards of the body to which it belonged and prevented it from sinking to a new low level. It saved the self-respect of the Senate and heightened the dignity of membership, which was not so high. This was a service not only to the Senate but to the country, because the Senate is so vital a part of the government that its personnel, standards, and general behavior mean something to all of us.

Second, more clearly than before the committee demonstrated the almost unbelievable boobery of the big-business men and bankers in dealing with public questions. It did this by showing the ridiculous ease with which shallow charlatans and fakers extract large sums of money from them for the exercise of an influence with persons of high position which they completely lack, and whom in many cases they know only by sight. The committee did a perfectly fine job in showing up the false pretenses of these gentry with whom Washington is thickly infested and in illustrating the utter uselessness so far as the effect on Congress of many of the organizations which maintain highly paid representatives with unlimited expense accounts at the Capital. Also it was a splendid thing to tear the covers off the low game, from the playing of which every President has suffered and from which

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there is no protection, of having a "personal friend" capitalize his friendship by accepting employment wholly based upon a supposed ability to "deliver" the White House.

Finally, I think the committee has performed a considerable service in concentrating attention upon the extraordinary development of lobbying in this generation, the vast difference between the lobby of the past and the lobby of the present and the amazing degree to which lobbyist activities have come to dictate legislative action in the country —not in a sinister sense but recognized as entirely legitimate and participated in by millions of people. Though entirely unofficial they have become a more powerful force in the government than the legislative branch itself.

To make this clear it is necessary to state a few "fundamental facts," that phrase so cherished by the engineering mind, a fine example of which we have in the White House now. To begin with there is practically no bill of any importance in Congress which does not financially help or financially hurt somebody, or in which some person or organization has either a friendly or an unfriendly interest. This means of course that automatically somebody proceeds to work either for or against every pending measure not entirely trivial in character. This is natural, inevitable, and right, but those who do so at once become lobbyists no matter what their purpose or how pure their methods. There is no other word for such activity, which reaches back into the misty past and is certain to continue into the distant future. There is no way to abolish lobbies without interfering with the inherent right of men to advocate what they believe for the general or individual good and to oppose what they deem bad. As to regulation that is another question. Beyond doubt there should be some form of regulation by which the fraudulent lobbies could be cleaned out and their game of extracting fees from the muddy-minded business men spiked—these business men who think there is something occult and mysterious about politics and politicians which make it necessary to pay somebody with a "pull" when dealing with them. The great trouble is to find a way effectively to limit lobbying without overstepping the boundaries and clashing with the entirely legitimate prerogative of citizens to organize and agitate in the interests of ideas they cherish. Perhaps the Caraway Bill will have teeth so sharp as to do this but no success has been achieved in the various States that have tried. So far as the law is concerned the great change in lobbying methods makes it exceedingly difficult to distinguish between the legitimate and the illegitimate. The old-time lobbyist dealt in the personal corruption of members of the legislative body. He bought and bribed them directly and indirectly. In the sixties of the last century, for example, many members of Congress accepted stock in the projected transcontinental railroads to which Congress was then engaged in granting subsidies. Much later than that there were members of the Senate and House who sold their votes for cash or stock tips, who permitted Washington lobbyists to lose to them large sums of money at poker, who accepted gifts of jewelry and stock. Such methods of lobbying, however, went out of fashion long ago. They would to-day be not only ineffectual but stupid and dangerous. I doubt whether in this generation there have been half a dozen efforts to influence a vote in Congress through financial inducement. I doubt whether there are to-day a dozen members of Congress susceptible to that sort

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of influence. As a matter of fact, since the early Harding times there has been no real smell of scandal about Washington and for years before that none. The big money days for the lobby and the lawyers who call themselves "legislative agents" to get away from the word, are of the past in Washington. Probably the two juiciest lobbies Washington has ever seen were the lobby for securing the return of the alien property, seized by us when we declared war on Germany, to its original owners, and the lobby to secure a reduction in the federal inheritance or estate tax-rate. Many and fat fees were involved in these two enterprises, and an almost incredible number of persons had a financial stake in them. Both sprang directly or indirectly from the war and the amount of money involved was very great. The alien property, for example, ran into hundreds of millions and a small percentage of it amounted to several. So desperately anxious were the owners to get their property back that they were willing to pay almost anybody with a supposed influence to help. The slowness of the federal government to return the property long after all excuse for delay had vanished, helped the lobby along, and the general idea that the pickings were big and fat was undoubtedly true. The reason the lobby for the reduction of the estate tax-rate was so strong and well financed was because it was retroactive, which meant that a great many millions were involved in that bit of legislation. Whether or not the lobby in either of these cases accomplished a great deal is doubtful, but that the fees of the lobbyists ran to several million is well established. In both cases lawyers who were former members of House and Senate, who had the privilege of the floor, and were supposed to have a personal "drag" with their former colleagues, were employed. At any rate a lobby law could and should stop that particular lobby game. There is certainly something worse than bad taste in a former member of the Senate accepting a fee to influence Senate legislation and going on the floor to do it. The better type among them will not sell their services that way but a great many do.

While of course the adjustment of income-tax cases still affords lucrative employment for the "fix-it" type of lawyer, that sort of thing does not constitute actual lobbying and the two instances above given stand out as the most conspicuous of this generation. A huge lot of money was spent by those concerned. Many lawyers who "delivered" nothing and had nothing to "deliver" got thousands. It is, however, doubtful whether any money in either alien property or estate-tax lobby found its way into the pockets of any member of Congress, except in the indirect form of dinner entertainment. The direct purchase is a thing of the past. The change in the methods of the lobbyist has kept pace with the times. As Ex-Senator Thomas of Colorado not long ago declared, "The men who seek special favors in Congress to-day do not bribe. They rely almost exclusively upon the manipulation of public sentiment." In brief the prime weapon of the old-time lobbyist was money; the prime weapon of the modern lobbyist is propaganda. Propaganda in this country really started with the war. Before 1914 the word was infrequently used here and not generally understood. To-day we float on a mighty flood of it that seems to mount higher and higher all the time. Washington is the great national propaganda centre. From there literally hundreds of organizations, societies, causes, parties, interests, leagues, associations, and federations have their bureaus and representatives. They constitute the great national lobby

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and the combined output of propaganda is stupendous. Every one has its more or less elaborate and expensive publicity department (one press agent receives $25,000 a year and has a $15,000 assistant). A torrent of propaganda pours forth, daily covering the desks of the newspaper correspondents, clogging the outgoing mails, and trickling in steady streams to all sections of the country. Propaganda is one of the most amazing and significant developments of the past decade. For instance, one organization through its Washington representatives last year, besides publishing a monthly magazine with a huge national distribution, prepared thirty-six special articles for other periodicals and issued 9,025 separate "releases" to newspapers. All of this of course is designed to manufacture and manipulate public sentiment. That has become the great national pastime—and millions play it. The stronger organizations such as the American Farm Bureau Federation (which at the moment is the most powerful and effective of all our national lobbies), the Anti-Saloon League, the Association Against Prohibition, the American Federation of Labor, do not rely solely upon propaganda to put their propositions over—they follow the propaganda up by entering actively into politics before election. They go into the local campaigns, support candidates who favor their ideas, present their issues directly to the voters. Through the power of organized minority they not infrequently hold the balance of power and can compel commitments from both parties before election. In other words, they do their really effective lobbying before election in the several States and do not have to bother with persuading or winning over a member of Congress after election. They have them then. Either they were largely responsible for his election or they demonstrated in his State campaign sufficient strength not to be safely ignored. The Farm Bureau Federation as our most potent lobby is perhaps the best example of the effectiveness of organization and propaganda on a national scale. Its active head, Chester Gray, had a very rough time before the Lobby Committee, which "showed him up" pretty thoroughly. In a recent radio speech Mr. William Hard, able Washington journalist, who had made a study of the Federation methods and results, had this to say:

"The American Farm Bureau Federation at the present moment claims to have within it and behind it more than one million dues-paying farmer members. It is at the very tap-root of the present farmer-controlled coalition situation in the Senate. Out of this lobby originated in 1921 the agitation which produced at that time our first congressional 'Farm Bloc.' The ensuing political process has been intimately and authoritatively described by Mr. O. M. Kile, a former official of the Farm Bureau Federation, in his book on the 'Farm Bureau Movement.' He says:

" 'By May of 1921 both groups (the farm group in the Senate and the farm group in the House) were in good working order and were in constant conference with the Washington office of the American Farm Bureau Federation, which is their recognized clearing house for agricultural information. By the middle of June these agricultural "blocs" were in effective control. The Farm Bureau got practically everything it asked for. In rapid succession were passed the Capper-Tincher Grain Exchange Control Bill, the Packer Control Bill, the Federal Aid Road Bill, and the various farm-financing and crop-exporting bills.'

"From that day to this," continued

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Mr. Hard, "the process thus started has known no pause. The American Farm Bureau Federation, in company with numerous other almost equally influential farm organizations here represented, as, for instance, the National Co-operative Milk Producers Federation, has marched steadily onward to greater power. Our recent important farm measures have not had their genuine origins in the minds of statesmen. They have not had their genuine origins in the minds of our political parties. They have sprung, primarily, from the brains and from the energies of our farm lobbies."

To a lesser extent what Mr. Hard says of the Farm Federation can be said of practically all the important lobby organizations in Washington. They all work along similar lines. It is a mere matter of degree. The profound central fact in this whole matter is that initiative, leadership, and creativeness in legislative ideas has passed in a considerable degree from our political parties and from our legislative bodies to organized economic or reformistic private groups. And while the motives and aims of these groups are entirely legitimate, they often are represented at Washington by slick, shoddy fellows whose claim to close friendship with those in high places is false and whose pretended influence is without substance. The Caraway Committee did a very good job in demonstrating this, though the demonstration at times was cruel. However, regardless of the character and caliber of many of the professional Washington lobbyists, the fact remains that in these days the lobby is no longer a mere parasitic appendage to government. It is one of the greatest, and sometimes one of the most beneficent, of the actual direct driving forces of government—and sometimes not.

True Stories

By David Hamilton

"Straight through the flaming cave Sir Roger strode
And stripped the dragon of his emerald hide;
Then back across the flowering fields he rode
And claimed the happy princess for his bride.
So ends the story," the old woman said.
But when the children clapped their hands for more,
She drew them close and nodded her white head:
"Here is a tale you never heard before—
Not long ago I was a child like you,
This snowy hair of mine was golden-red,
And straight and tall like some wild weed I grew;
There came two suitors begging me to wed—"
The children yawned. "Now tell us all the rest
About the dragon—you were not half through.
We like Sir Roger and the princess best;
We want to hear the stories that are true."

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Can We Censor Young People's Reading?

Girls of high-school and preparatory-school age show an entirely new attitude toward books and magazines which, perhaps, shock their parents. This article by a well-known teacher reveals much concerning the new generation. She remains anonymous in order not to disturb unduly the parents of her pupils.

Youth Serves Itself

Is there such a thing to-day as appropriate reading for young people? Is it possible for their reading to be kept restricted; for it to have the sanction of approval? It is as a teacher of girls in the high-school grades that I have had to face this problem; but it is a problem that must give most parents pause at least for thought.

Thirty years ago and less the question of a schoolgirl's reading was taken for granted as a fairly simple matter. It was intended to furnish her with a resource, to cultivate her taste, to make of her a little lady; but above all else it must not rub off the bloom. To preserve the bloom, there was the prohibition unbacked by any stated reason. Such a command was given simply. It took no reckoning of results; of the curiosity which it aroused; of the temptations which it stirred; of the wrong accents and false emphasis it placed if the temptations were once yielded to. Nor did it take into account the private mulling and confusion that must follow when the natural inquiries that should result were stopped off as confessions of a crime.

In those days, too, there were the evasions thought to be so clever. "I'd leave that till a little later." "I don't think I'd spoil that by reading it just yet." Or, "I'm afraid you'll find that very dull." Such were the phrases that were thought to be efficient blinders to dangers and entrancements that lay off the safe and beaten path.

Above all, there was the skilful arrangement of the library where what was supposed to be above a schoolgirl's head was kept literally above her head and where her reading was intended to be regulated by her height. By the time that she had finished with "Water Babies" and "The Six Little Peppers" and "Little Women," there, on a level with her eyes, were sets of Scott and Dickens, of Thackeray and Trollope, of Mrs. Gaskell, of Hawthorne with one sole exception. Poetry, on the whole, was thought to be quite safe except for Byron and for Swinburne. If by chance strange facts and customs did crop out in history, why history was history with no love interest to make of it unhealthy reading. By the blessed fact of boredom, too, there was the probability that any girl would miss or never come upon the dubious page. As she grew taller, she chanced upon George Eliot and the Brontës, then "The Scarlet Letter" that had been kept so mysteriously remote. But never, except surreptitiously and dangerously and in a manner unbecoming to a little lady, could she attain to those top shelves on which stood Burton's "Arabian Nights," "The Heptameron," Rabelais, "Tom Jones," "Don Juan," Hardy's "Tess," and all the

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strange assortment that made up "that ilk."

Happily the current novels were not much to cope with. From the other side of the water came "The Bonnie Briar Bush," "A Window in Thrums," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Sentimental Tommy." On this side there were the novels of Howells, Hopkinson Smith, Weir Mitchell, Richard Harding Davis, etc. One did not have to worry over them. Once a year at most there was the novel to be hidden; "Trilby" above all else, but also "The Lady of Quality," or "Esther Waters"; possibly even one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's, or one of Maurice Hewlett's. But one a year could be locked up in a drawer or tucked behind the dullest of dull books. As for magazines, surely a schoolgirl could pick up *Scribner's, Harper's, The Century, The Atlantic,* and *Littell's,* and not get beyond her depth—well, not dangerously, not in the wrong sense.

No such easy problem meets the parent or the teacher of to-day. Most of us would agree, I suppose, that there are some books that we should prefer our children not to read. But less usually by reason of the subject-matter than by reason of the presentation. Long ago, for example, the theme of illegitimacy ceased to be objectionable as it is presented in "Adam Bede"; that of illicit relations as presented in "The Scarlet Letter"; that of seduction even when as frankly dealt with as it is in "Tess." Nor should we object to these themes in modern books, not though they were presented with all the convincing reality of what might be going on next door, provided that they were presented with taste, with proportion, with truth, and with some aspect of seriousness and dignity. We should, thus, be glad to give "Anna Karenina," which remains perpetually modern, to the same girl from whom we should like to take away "Point Counter Point" and Michael Arlen's "Charming People." There are also books the danger of which lies in far other than their levity. Cruelty and brutality, as we know, can give the young too grave a shock. It is for this reason that while offering "War and Peace," which, if it holds brutality, holds so much else, we should wish to keep away from any schoolgirl that unmitigated brutality which is the very virtue of such war books as "All Quiet on the Western Front." There is, moreover, the completely introspective novel which has its risks for any girl just at the introspective age. Better such frank, external grossness, say, as there is in "Tom Jones" or "Tristram Shandy" than grossness brooded over as it is and as it has a right to be, if one man's mind is to be rendered whole, in Conrad Aiken's "Blue Voyage." There are also the novels that deal with abnormality, vaguely in "Dusty Answer," confusedly as in "Wolf Solent," clearly as in "The Well of Loneliness." Or there are novels like those of Julian Greene's in which a man's hysteria is worse than any woman's and which deal with the special horrors of a special psychopathic case. And what is true of many of these novels is true of many modern poems, of Robinson Jeffers's for example. It is true of many modern biographies in which no perversions of personality are omitted. These need above all else a comparative point of view; and these we know that a young girl has not had the observation nor the wide experience of life to deal with for their proper estimation. They may lead her morbidly to the conclusion that the individual instance is the general rule.

What then are we to do? Use authority and prohibition? How seriously will they be taken when the will or the care-

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lessness of the majority is all against us? And suppose that we are obeyed? Do not we, who are the products of authority, evasion, and secretiveness, know how stupid, dull, and wrong are the results? Are we who searched so hard to find the little wrong in "Trilby," going to set our children searching for a Dustier Answer, a Deeper Well of Loneliness, a Bluer Voyage, for more points than there are in "Point Counter Point"? Are we in turn willing to convince our children that a rich prerogative of age is that of reading books which we consider bad? Moreover, by reason of all modern training, we are dealing with children who ask "What is truth?" and wait for an answer; who will not accept evasions. Try telling any girl to-day, "I wouldn't read that yet. I'm afraid you'll find it very dull." What you will get will be the perfect pragmatic answer, "All right. When I get bored, I'll stop." But the question of her boredom is a matter that she intends to settle for herself.

How, moreover, shall we deal with the management of our library? The one solution would be to do away with it entirely and then to start on a crusade to make our neighbors do away with theirs. For those very books that we prefer that our children should not read are not the old accepted classics any longer. They are the moderns clad in jackets that there is no concealing and bearing blurbs intended to catch the eye. Granted the top shelves, they would now be crowded with best-sellers, with prize novels, with modern biographies, with psychoanalytic criticisms, with books bought not as Boccaccio was bought, but purchased that they might give us the thought of our own times. Any home they inundate, and in too continuous a flood to be restricted, granted that we thought *that* the proper method of procedure. And as if that was not enough, to what magazine, except *The Saturday Evening Post,* may we subscribe with any safety? We may rule out of the house all such as offend by reason of their commonness or falsity. But in *Scribner's* was there not recently "A Farewell to Arms," certainly to be objected to for children on the grounds of brutality and of those intensifications which war brings about? Even to an adult, whether that book soars at the end is, I suspect, a question not of actual years, but of intellectual maturity. And without maturity of mind and of experience, what would it convey to a young girl? Without maturity of mind and of experience, what can she make out of *Harper's,* for example, with its case histories of marriage and divorce, with its frank articles on sex?

From all sides youth is thus exposed to knowledge of all sorts as I should think no generation ever was before it. But it is, as I see it, establishing its own immunities in a day when there are no isolation wards. Secrecy, furtiveness, morbidness, and lonely brooding which have been the universal diseases of adolescence as measles was of childhood, have for the most part lost their virulence. By the very reason that knowledge comes early, comes naturally, is in the air like cold germs, the schoolgirl of to-day is more robust of mind and less susceptible to shocks. She has developed a hardier constitution; and what would have sent a Victorian young lady into a decline, she can throw lightly off. If I may use a personal illustration to point this contrast: When I was just out of college, I went with a young man to see a play called "When We Were Twenty-One." At the moment when the word "mistress" was actually used upon the stage, it acted like a spring. We both simultaneously arose and announced that we thought we should be

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going. Up the aisle we walked and home we went. We were the products of our generation and we had been properly brought up. On the other hand, a girl of sixteen told me that she had been with a college boy to see "Strange Interlude." "What we couldn't see," she said, "was why they didn't all snap out of it." Now thinking that any one could ever snap out of an O'Neill situation was beyond my comprehension. But that she could think so, and that her companion could, and that they could both think so together, indicates, to my way of thinking, a healthier reaction than was possible in my own youth.

It is not, I must explain, that I should want a daughter of my own to see "Strange Interlude." I dare say that I should try evasions if I thought that they would work or prohibitions if I thought that I could exact them. But from experience I know I could not. No more can I do so with books which every conviction tells me that I should not recommend. As a teacher of literature in the high-school grades, I have two choices: I may cling to the old strict prunes-and-prisms methods with no thought of the changes that have taken place. Or I may take thought of those changes and meet at least half-way the terms which youth lays down to me for any real relationship in teaching. It is the latter course that I have chosen; and uncomfortable as is my choice, I go more than half-way. For the intelligence with which they are presented, for the frankness and the unconsidered camaraderie which they imply, I take my hat off to the terms.

Youth serves itself to-day and in this manner. Not long ago a student of mine remarked to me in class, "You know I think we should read Hardy. If he's got anything to say in 'Tess,' I think we ought to know about it. And I think we ought to read it with an older person if we're to get much out of it."

It was not that "Tess" was forbidden fruit, a test and try-out of my probable confusion. Nor was it that the girl was searching after dubious literature. The suggestion was made with no more self-consciousness than as if some one had called to my attention the fact that I had omitted "Hamlet" from a course. But the remarks of this pupil were interesting and arresting because in three different ways she had set off her generation from my own.

In the first place, my generation that did scale top shelves and not report upon so doing was outwardly a docile generation. If it was later to take Ibsen with a seriousness that made it put his doctrines into practice with no saving grace of humor, in school it meekly took what it was fed. Suggest Hardy? By the lines abruptly skipped in Vergil, we had learned to spare our teacher's blushes. But the real point is that we suggested nothing. As a proof, did one of us rebel against learning "Thanatopsis" or the corresponding theosophic poems, and could not most of us still recite some fragments in the parrot-fashion that shows the gap between the words and any real response? Did any one protest indignantly as schoolgirls will to-day, "I don't like that poem. It doesn't mean a thing to me"? The same was true at Bryn Mawr in that dreary two-year course that began with "The Younger Edda" and ended abruptly with the Romantic Movement or the Major Critics as though the stream of literature had dropped suddenly away. Those were the days when the classics were kept dusted, not the moderns, Henry James being the sole exception. As near as we got in the lecture room to anything that might concern us was that the great thing was "to burn with a hard, gemlike flame"

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like Pater, or like Arnold to regard conduct, whatever that vague phrase might mean, as "three-fourths of life." Ibsen was then stirring up two continents, yet none of us said, "Who is this man? Why don't we ever hear about him in the classroom?" With Hardy and Meredith both champions of women and both nearer to our concerns than they can be to the concerns of the modern schoolgirl, no one said, "I think we ought to read them." Galsworthy had then written "The Country House" and "The Man of Property." Conrad was in full swing. But no one suggested that if either had anything to say, we ought to know about it. Least of all that we should know about it through discussion with an older person.

To-day, though literature as I teach it is divided into periods, I am besieged by suggestions constantly and by suggestions of all sorts. "When we finish 'Hamlet,' could we read an Ibsen tragedy to see the difference?" "When we finish 'Julius Cæsar,' could we read 'Cæsar and Cleopatra'?" "If we don't have 'Lord Jim' in school we'll never read it." Or the same is said of "Vanity Fair" or "Henry Esmond." Or it may be, "Could we hear one tale of Boccaccio's if he was so fearfully important in the influence he had on Chaucer?" Though it is as likely to be "If Masefield was influenced by Chaucer, couldn't we have a little of 'Reynard the Fox'?" Or in a spare half-hour it may be that the class wants "anything more of Katharine Mansfield's" or of Galsworthy's. Or "Let's see why Ring Lardner is considered good." Or, "Why don't you give us a little of 'Tom Jones' if Fielding really was the father of the English novel?" "Let's each bring samples of sonnets from Wyatt to Edna Millay." Not all these suggestions are worth while or pertinent. But they do show what the girls are reading and what they want to read. They do give the chance for the teacher to explain what seems not worth while as in the case of Oscar Wilde's "Salome." They do break down the old inflexibility and remote dictatorship. True, the English course is mapped out. That fact the pupils recognize. But they also know that any logical request of theirs will be acceded to if there is time to grant it; that if it is refused as inappropriate, they will be told exactly why it is refused. The terms on which they accept the prescribed reading are that in exchange they shall have some reading that is initiated by their choice. And it is through their suggestions that I have come to this conclusion: This generation of schoolgirls is alert; is on the whole intellectually curious with a curiosity that is almost entirely unconscious of top shelves, and that makes no difference between top shelves and the bottom ones. How can I be so sure of what they are holding back? Only by what they bring forward. And so far as I am aware, there is no grist that has not been suggested for the mill.

It is this intellectual curiosity that sorts and sifts that brings me to the second difference: "If Hardy's got anything to say, I think we ought to know about it." It was not so that girls of my generation spoke of an author who had attained to the distinction of a set complete. If, after reading, we saw no reason for his fame, we took it for granted that we had failed through our own dulness and retreated beaten. These girls of to-day take what they read head-on; and it is not always they who suffer rout. In the first place, if they are awake to names, they hold their judgment in abeyance until after a due trial. The teacher may charge the jury, may review the history of the case and all the circumstances, but she cannot change

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the verdict if the man on trial is guilty in this instance. Has what he has to say no significance for them, but merely for the generations that preceded them? No name is great enough to lure them from a new kind of intellectual honesty. By it they judge him "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" and as charged.

Whether he is a writer of their own times has little or nothing to do with such pronouncements. It is quite true that there would be no use in putting Trollope and Mrs. Gaskell where they would be safe, inviting reading. Their day may come again; it may always last for older people; but it is not for younger people, at any rate not now. Why? Because the towns of Barchester and Cranford that seemed to us adorable are to young people as incapable of being realized as the world without the automobile. Not that this fact would matter in itself, but for young girls today the humor has evaporated from these books, and the characters seem simple, sentimental, dull, actuated only by a negative insipid virtue or a negative insipid vice. But Scott, on the other hand, they have by no means forsworn, although they insist that he should be read by older children. Why? "Because his characters and plots aren't much, but because if you happen to like history and have had enough of it, he makes it come alive to you." It may be that they are right. Goldsmith lasts not by reason of his plots once thought so agile, but by his point of view which arouses modern indignation. "Stooped to conquer—nothing. Who'd want a man who only could make love to a barmaid?" They like him for the edge he gives their scorn. The same is true of Jane Austen, though in her novels there is so much that is always funny, always real and lasting. Match-making mothers have not died out, and neither have young girls who set their caps. There is much that is humorous in the old-fashioned way that girls had to go about it. But to set your cap at a man because he'd sown wild oats, to find him irresistible because of that— Fashions in heroes change; and Jane Austen has acquired a new humor that was never her intent.

From these random instances what I wish to show is that the demand that my pupils make of any author is not that he must be modern, but that he must have something signal to convey to them. Plato's account of the death of Socrates, for example, they were quick to use and put up against the cheap sensationalism of our times. It was not that they found it destructive merely to the literary canons of tragedy to be found in Shakespeare or in Ibsen. They were much more excited by what it did to the hysteria of the head-lines about the Snyder case, which, be sure, they knew was going on. The tabloids with their head-lines could not conquer Plato, not even after all these many years. Chaucer, too, has much to convey to them. He makes them realize that in any age much fun and profit may be had from the close observation of a group of people even in a subway; that class lines too strictly drawn, that snobbishness, bigotry, intolerance are high fences from chance contacts that give zest to life. Nor does Shakespeare need to be put into modern dress to get across his simple and essential meanings. As a matter of fact, Hardy did have something to say to them. Out of surroundings as unfamiliar as those of Cranford and of Barchester, from the story of a peasant girl as unlike themselves as possible, from a vocabulary that was not their own, they lifted a question of candor and of justice that is still to solve. Meredith I think would be delighted by what he has to say to them and by their reply to what he says. To

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that scene, for instance, when Emmie's husband makes such poor love to Diana and thus drives her into desperate marriage, they respond, "Why didn't she have it out with him? And anyhow if Diana was as brilliant as Meredith wants us to think she was, why on earth did she think that she had to marry the first man who asked her? What did she think was going to hurt her? And if she had brains why didn't she get to work and earn a living?" And by the fact that they refuse to recognize that a lady could not find a way to earn her living and have fun at doing it, by the reason that they reduce Diana, the supremely beautiful and supremely courageous heroine of my own youth, to a "scare-cat," they show how much water has flowed under the bridge.

Naturally it is modern writers who interest them most. Galsworthy, for example, in his plays. And in dealing with these they show again a new attitude of mind. "Loyalties" in my youth would have been forbidden because the theft of Dancy was tracked down through bills given to a cast-off mistress. That part of the plot to these girls is incidental and not very interesting. What absorbs them is the theme that Galsworthy put into the last sentence. "Loyalties—what are you going to do when they conflict? Would you lie to save a friend when you knew him to be guilty? Which loyalty outranks the others? And taken all together are they really not enough?" In the same way when these girls read "Justice," they are not interested at all in the fact that Falder commits a forgery and gets into trouble by his affair with Ruth, a married woman, or that Ruth takes later to the streets. What they want to know, and want to know insistently, is if we in this country treat a first offender in this way, if it is the better part of wisdom that he should be treated in this way, if our prisons are as bad and as unintelligently conducted as the English prisons, if there is no real chance for a man who has once been in jail. In other words they accept sex in a matter-of-fact fashion and are incurious about it as it comes into these plays. What they are concerned with is the essential themes.

Literature to them is not a resource, an escape, a means of cultivation. So absolutely do they bridge the gap between literature and life, so exactingly do they demand that books shall tell them something, that as a rule they do not greatly care about the manner of the telling. Style was greatly accented in my youth. Now if it happens to be there, if it does not interfere, but adds, so much the better. But if style is all there is to any man, away with him. In that aspect, away with Meredith when he begins about "man not having yet rounded Cape Turk"; when his characters start to keep little books of epigrams and aphorisms. Away with Pater and De Quincey and their grand manner of saying next to nothing. Away with Stevenson as he writes in his essays. "If he would only not let you see that he was trying hard to write so beautifully." Content is what matters. This is no generation to respect "the sedulous ape."

And because the girls are concerned with content, they have arrived at the last attitude I mentioned. "I think we ought to read this with an older person if we're going to get much out of it." Set down bluntly this sounds priggish. Nothing was ever less. These are not the days when a teacher can afford to be caught napping nor days in which her blushes will be spared. She is no dictator in the classroom. She is there to be asked questions, many of them uncomfortable questions. To evade them, to dodge them, to lie in answer to them is the last thing expected of her. Maybe she doesn't know. But, in heaven's name, let her say

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so. No one knows everything, and ignorance these moderns will forgive. But not dishonesty; above all not the dishonesty of an older person to a younger.

It is because they knew that they would not be so dealt with that I learned that a group of younger girls was reading "Mother India" and was able to say what I did. Not that these girls mustn't read it. Not that they would find it dull. But that it was possible that they might find it—in the most real sense injurious. Why? Because never under any circumstances would they find themselves facing childbirth in such circumstances as were presented in this book whether falsely or truly; that the chances were that they would want children; that they would have them in countries where science was at their disposal; and that consequently it seemed silly to run the risk of needless horror lurking in their minds. It is not that I am absurd enough to think that my words put an end to "Mother India." Without a question some of these girls went on with their reading of it. But at least they had offered to an older person her chance to put the emphasis where it belonged.

The same opportunity was given me about "The Well of Loneliness" which turned up as naturally and as blithely as a May day. What was there to say and at a second's notice? Only what one would say in all honesty to an older person as one's own conviction. That the first part of the book was a fine piece of writing. That the last part of the plot seemed as sentimental and as false as a poor Victorian comedy, that life did not shape its tragedies so neatly and so artificially; that courage of expression could not make false pleading other than false pleading; that one could be infinitely sorry for what lay outside the normal mentally just as one could be sorry for what lay outside the normal physically; but that one did not pretend that physical deformity lent beauty; that the world seemed so designed that only what was capable of creating something seemed to have real beauty whether it chanced to be a situation or a body or a mind.

I am not saying that another person could not have advanced better reasons against the glamour and the danger of this book. I am very sure they could. All I mean to say is that in a world where there can be no restrictions placed on reading, not in the old sense—aloofness, squeamishness, the least self-consciousness seem to me the most dangerous attitudes to take. In a generation when youth serves itself, it will not help them or us to erect the barrier of age which they are so willing to have down and which they have done much to level. If we erect it, if we retreat behind it, it will not be to youth, but to us that the old barricade will serve as a rebuke.

In most of the discussions of censorship a line is drawn between literature for adults and that for youngsters. "Comstock Stalks" in the April SCRIBNER'S *showed the origin and absurdity of adult censorship. "Youth Serves Itself" and Mr. Redman's article which follows it throw new light on the whole problem of censorship.*

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A succinct statement going to the heart of legislated morality

Is Censorship Possible?

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

A GREAT deal of ink has recently been poured out upon the subject of literary censorship, but it would seem that almost all of this ink has flowed around the fringes of the problem without reaching the heart of it. Secondary questions have been dwelt upon tediously and inconclusively, while a single primary question has been neglected. We have been asking "What is obscene?" and "Is censorship right or wrong?" when our first question, striking to the roots of the matter, should be: "Is censorship possible?" Simply that. Is censorship, as the censors themselves conceive it, possible; or are current censorial activities, however righteously inspired, based upon a fundamental misapprehension of the nature of the problem?

Briefly, I hold censorship to be impossible; I believe that the censorial organizations in this country, or any other, might be multiplied indefinitely, that they might be granted Czaristic powers, supported by the police, the full machinery of the law, and all good citizens, and that even then they would be incapable of accomplishing one jot or tittle of what they believe it their duty to accomplish. But, before moving on to argument and demonstration, let it be clear that we are here concerned only with the censor who would exterminate the corrupting influences of pornography and obscenity, not with the religious, political, or military censor. They are not within our scope; it is the "sex-censor" who is our quarry; and my purpose is to show that, although religious and political censorship can be moderately effective, and military censorship exceedingly effective, sex-censorship has never had and never will have a chance of accomplishing a fraction of its intention. It is conceivable that a religious censorship could ban from a community all writings that it deemed heretical and keep that community in ignorance of the fact that there was such a thing as heresy; it is history that many governments, for long periods, have been able to guard themselves quite effectively against subversive literature; and in our own day we have seen militaristic-patriotic propaganda flourish to the exclusion of enemy propaganda, and bear deadly fruit. But priest, statesman, and soldier are confronted by no such fundamental force as that against which the sex-censor levels his attack; and it is inconceivable that any sex-censorship can ever be effective, for the simple reason that such censorship must seek to control an uncontrollable force by the futile expedient of eliminating external stimu-

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li that are infinitely replaceable. Its impotence resides in the fact that it can only do away with certain specific stimuli that it considers evil; it cannot diminish the desire for stimulation, and so long as that desire exists a dozen new stimuli can be found to take the place of every one that has been removed. The sex-censor fights against the growing grass, and he can never number his enemies until the sands of the sea are counted grain by grain. His ideal could be realized only by destroying sex itself; in other words, by destroying life. But let us consider the matter more specifically.

Most thoughtful persons will agree, I think, that the gentlemen who frequented the bald-headed row of "The Black Crook" were excited in precisely the same way, and to the same degree, by the amply clothed ladies of the ensemble, as are the gentlemen who now pay speculators' prices for front-row seats by the "nude acts" in any of our current reviews. The thoughts and images that clustered behind those peering eyes of the day-before-yesterday were identical with the thoughts and images which obsessed the plump broker who was sitting on your left night before last. Today the contortion of a naked torso is called upon to do the work that was once accomplished by the twist of a padded hip. The stimulus has changed, but the satisfaction is the same, because the desire is the same, and it is a desire that will be satisfied willy-nilly. Turning to another familiar example, most male pedestrians must admit that the sight of a feminine ankle, seen beneath a lifted skirt, above a mud puddle, in 1908, was quite as stimulating to the questing masculine eye as were the bare female knees everywhere visible in 1928. Nor can there be any question that readers of "Three Weeks," which now seems almost mid-Victorian, once found the same vicarious carnal satisfaction that a newer generation discovers in the most erotic novels now falling from the press. The desire remains the same; the stimulus seized upon is any that happens to be at hand. And, in plain English, there is not a blooming thing that all the censors in the world can do about it.

But, some readers may protest, we must think of the welfare of the adolescent; even if we grant the adult the perilous right of self-censorship, even if we admit the impossibility of guarding the adult mind against its own baser desires, we are still charged with the duty of protecting our children from corruption. Their innocence must not be defiled. The faith upon which this argument rests is touching, but it is the faith of ignorance. No more than the adult can the child be protected against himself; whatever stimulation he seeks, he will find, despite a million censors. Parents shudder at the thought of obscene literature passing into the hands of their offspring, poisoning the springs of character and withering the tender shoots of personality; but even if they could destroy every obscene book on earth they would not have advanced one step nearer success in their protective efforts. The youngster who gets hold of a copy of "Only A Boy" may gloat over the series of obscene and erotic images that the tale evokes, and, as the spinster in "At Mrs. Beam's" was always remarking, "It's not a very nice thought, is it?" No, it is not a very nice thought, but the youngster who never encounters "Only A Boy," or any other classic of juvenile pornography, may get exactly the same thrill as his better-read contemporary by looking up recently learned and perfectly reputable words in the family dictionary. Such words as "harlot" and its good old Anglo-Saxon synonym will, when seen in print for the first time,

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prove quite as exciting to him as a whole chapter of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" may seem a few years later; and many an adolescent has found pages of "The Family Doctor," or some other medical work for household reference, sufficiently "corrupting" to satisfy him for months on end. Shall we, then, put all dictionaries, medical books, and encyclopædias on unreachable shelves? We may do so, but we shall gain nothing by the act. Growing boys get a great "kick" from obscene pictures, but if such pictures are unobtainable they will produce their own art work, based upon a fevered imagination and a knowledge that is often ludicrously inaccurate, and in the same way they write their own obscene literature on sidewalks, walls, and fences. Critical censorship must always be defeated by creative obscenity. Censorship, of any kind, is helpless because it is impotent to touch the root of the supposed evil that it would eradicate; so long as the obscene image is desired, an evocative and satisfying stimulus will be found.

The truth is that all normal persons, at one period or another of their development, experience a hunger for obscenity that is more or less intense, and whatever the intensity of the desire, great or little, the hunger is always satisfied in direct proportion to it, because it is a hunger that is capable of self-satisfaction. It feeds upon itself. External stimuli are fortuitous and their character is unimportant; the true stimulus is internal. In some persons this hunger, perhaps never troublesome, disappears at a comparatively early age; in others it makes itself intermittently felt throughout a lifetime; in still other, unfortunate, creatures it exercises a disastrous tyranny. It has been argued that censors, as a class, present an interesting case of arrested development when they are judged by their appetite for the obscene, but this is not the place for a repetition or elaboration of the argument. The point is that this hunger, whatever its degree of intensity, however short or long its span of influence, is beyond the reach of censorship. It will find food in the desert and satiety in a cell.

But, but, but— comes the protest, does this mean that you believe that any piece of writing, however lewd, lascivious, obscene, salacious and pornographic, within or without the meaning of any statute, might just as well be printed anywhere at any time? For all practical purposes, yes. Men will always seek, of course, to exercise some kind of censorship; communities will, according to their lights, always try to keep themselves "clean." But the apparent victories that are won on news-stands, in bookstores, and in theatres, must of necessity be inconsequential and satisfactory only to self-deluded persons. There is no real difference between a reader pruriently enjoying Frank Harris's "My Life and Loves," and a reader pruriently enjoying "Pamela," just as there is no real difference between the man who fixes a lascivious eye upon a chorus girl's naked thigh and a man who, with precisely the same emotions, lingers over some rotogravure photograph in which a comely pair of legs has been generously posed by a ship's cameraman. Obscenity does not reside in the stimulating object, but in the determined-to-be-stimulated subject; the sin, if sin there be, is not outside us, it is within. And that is the very simple explanation of why we can never arrive at a definition of obscenity: it assumes all forms, it is created by every individual for himself, from whatever materials may be available, according to the current dictates of his individual desire.

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The fantastic countries which exist in the minds of international critics are destroyed by a "whiff or two of reality" from the pen of one of the most influential exponents of a real American criticism. Mr. Mumford points out the richness and validity of the American tradition and the superiority of Europe in certain phases of industry and progress.

American Condescension and European Superiority

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

For a century and a half Europe and America have been eying each other and endeavoring to find out wherein their likenesses and differences consist. A host of personalities, as different as Franklin and Crèvecœur and Tocqueville and Dickens and Matthew Arnold and Waldo Frank have contributed to this discussion; and since the war, with the appearance of observers like André Siegfried, Lucien Romier, and Herman Keyserling, the literature on the subject has become vast, not to say flatulent.

It is doubtful if one can add any original data to a topic that has been so variously exhausted. Is it not rather time to step in and confront both groups with some of the facts they have missed, and so, temporarily, sum up this long strife of debate? The failure to come to any solid conclusions has been due to the fact that both the American in Europe and the European in America have been dealing largely with fantastic constructions which existed chiefly in the mind of the observer: in emphasizing these false stereotypes they have neglected the real individualities that lie behind them. If it is less exciting to steer close to the coast-line of fact, it at least should have the charm of novelty; and when our imaginary differences sink, our real ones may significantly emerge, to our better common understanding.

II

Let us first examine what the European thinks of America. Suppose one is seated at a little sidewalk café in Geneva, that natural meeting-place of those who are concerned with international affairs. In the solitude of this quiet humdrum place, over a lazy glass of beer, one conjures up two or three absurd companions—a Frenchman, a German, an Englishman, let us say—whose notions about America compose into a single soliloquy. It would sound something like this:

Your America is a great country; but, unfortunately, the land itself is entirely without individuality. We have travelled through it in the winter, leaving New York late in the afternoon and arriving in Chicago twenty hours later; and, upon our honor, we have never seen outside Siberia such a vast monotonous stretch of steppes, unrelieved by mountain or hill or massed and spired city. It is no wonder that the cult of uniformity per-

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vades your institutions: that must be the inevitable result of such a barren landscape, such a flat theatre of action. You even lack a name of your own: citizens of the United States, you call yourselves only Americans, as if that were not equally good for a Mexican or a Canadian; and not merely do you lack a name, but the fact that you are so largely descended from the original English stock, the fact that you speak the English language, puts you in the rank of colonials: an Englishman feels not that you are fully an American but that you are a little less than an Englishman.

You are a nation without a history, and you exult in that fact: did not your great industrialist, Henry Ford, express your common sentiment in his historic confession of ignorance? You have sought to compensate for this by living in the future; hence you are always in a feverish effort to catch up with yourselves, and by denying the past you lack that sense of cumulative effort which gives ground and bottom to every new achievement. With no secure tradition, it is obvious that you can have no culture: when your wealthy citizens wish to enjoy art or polite society they naturally come over to Europe, since your own country is in a state of relative barbarism; and except for Whistler and Sargent, whom we appreciate in Europe, you have never produced a great artist. In the drama you occasionally show us a talented actor, like Tom Mix; and Jack London and the author of "Tarzan of the Apes," whom we read with great avidity in France and Norway, are certainly writers of very nearly the first rank; while in philosophy we must acknowledge the extraordinary influence of that really fine mind, Ralph Waldo Trine, the author of a book which we translate into German as "Der Unsinn des Sterbens"—you of course have read it?—but beyond this bare handful of creative minds we have seen nothing of yours that we care for, nothing that has the true American spirit as we conceive it—a mixture of coarse strength and optimism and practical ingenuity.

Your greatest achievements, to be frank, have been in the realm of the practical; and here we are paralyzed by admiration, if we are not equally overcome by fear. Some of our architects, like Le Corbusier, Mendelsohn, and Gropius, have praised your grain elevators and your factories as the very pattern of elegance, and as the foundation of all future construction; and this corresponds with the predictions of our philosophical historian, Spengler, who had told us that finance and engineering, the control of the practical, must take the place that philosophy and lyric poetry and humanized architecture once occupied. We acknowledge your example; we are learning your lesson. Witness the Citroën sign which lights the highest structure in Paris: witness the cult of advertising in Germany, with its vast blocks of letters that shout like a loudspeaker in the ear of the passerby: we are all Americans now!

We admire your office furniture, your typewriters, your efficiency systems; and we cannot understand why you laugh at a Babbitt or seek to undermine the complacency of a Dodsworth; for these men are the true leaders and creators of the machine age. The lesson of Ford has become the very catechism of the modern business man. We visit your offices in New York as the pious Hindu visits the temples at Benares: while we are sometimes a little dubious about the results, since there are some of us who feel that the old values of craft, industry, pure science, philosophy, cannot be embraced by finance and efficiency alone, we still envy them. Your leadership is

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undisputed. When one talks of the Americanization of Europe, as our German philosopher Müller-Freienfels does in "The Mysteries of the Soul," our feelings are plainly, as the psychologists would say, ambivalent: we praise that which we loathe and turn away from the creature we hasten to embrace. But in your country, despite this one pinnacle of achievement, all the things that Europe has valued, all the things that have given us our individuality, our soul, have disappeared—or have never existed.

III

Our composite European has finished this harangue; and we are gathering our wits from revery when an American tourist, who has sneaked away from his Cook's party in order to quench his thirst, sits down at the table. Let us listen to him.

He is sick of Europe, he tells us; and so many things make him sick. The food is always his first complaint: instead of being served the same nondescript menu, composed chiefly of calories and mineral salts, with no recognizable distinction in either the quality or the mode of preparation, he has been faced in his promiscuous travels with a succession of native dishes, which differ with the climate, the vegetation, the very history of the locality. Even the cheeses are varied; each region has its peculiar product to offer. He is sick of it. The multiplicity of flavors and styles upsets his stomach; and the multiplicity of languages upsets his mind, even though he makes no effort to master them.

Europe is old, he says—old, shopworn, second-hand. The water-closets do not work, and even large cities do not boast Statler Hotels and servidors. His pilgrimage has been confined chiefly to castles and museums; and he thinks of Europe as a place where for thousands of years people have been killed, tortured, or subjected to the portrait painter. There are a few new things in Europe; but they exist side by side with the old, and insensibly become a part of it, as the latest shop-windows in the Rue Castiglione exist side by side with the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, and Haussmann's Rue de Rivoli in turn falls in with the Louvre. Time stretches before and behind in Europe: the future is only half the length it is in America, because the tail of the past hangs on to it. Europeans are uninventive, indifferent to progress, bound to tradition. There is no life there: the live ones have all gone to America. The roads ought to be widened and straightened; the timeclock ought to be introduced; bathtubs ought to be made compulsory by law; and the habit of taking two hours for lunch with one's family ought to be made a misdemeanor. What the old countries need is a dictator of the United States of Europe, who would combine the political strength of Cæsar with the practical sagacity of Henry Ford.

Our American forgets, of course, that Napoleon I made a pass at this very programme; and he would be nettled—nettled if not disgusted—by the reminder that modern industry, so far from standardizing Europe, has been accompanied during the last hundred years by the rise of nationalities and cultures which had hitherto been politically submerged—Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Provence, Brittany, Czecho-Slovakia, Catalonia, to mention no others.

Enough for our American's picture of a lazy, caste-bound, feudal Europe, inertly smothered in old customs. The very electric power-station he is staring at, while he drinks his beer, grins contradiction at his dearest beliefs; but he passes by the power-station with a blind

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eye as he vainly tries to remember whether the prisoner of Chillon was a captive in Geneva, Berne, or Lucerne, and whether he had a lion or a bear to keep him company. In truth, the real Europe exists for the American behind a veil he himself carries over there, a veil composed in equal parts of Scott's "Ivanhoe," the scandalous memoirs of a petty European prince, the humorous observations of Mark Twain, and the general contempt he feels toward those unfortunate castes in America—a land proudly free of class distinctions—who are condemned to shine shoes, sell fruits, or wait upon tables. The art and culture and science that modern Europe has produced are for him dead, dead and unreal: a Delacroix, a Cézanne, a Matisse, a Brancusi are even more remote than Michelangelo and Raphael; while Clerk Maxwell and Hertz and Einstein do not hold a candle to the great American inventors who gave us the electric light and the audion tube.

IV

We have listened to these fantastic assumptions, these partial interpretations, these complacent exhibitions of arrogance quite long enough: it is time for us to answer them back, and to blow down such fabulous beliefs with a whiff or two of cold reality. And first let us turn to the European.

To do him justice, one must admit that our own countrymen are responsible for at least half the false statements and beliefs he has uttered. They have as grotesquely misinterpreted our development as the most prejudiced European observer, and, out of sheer ignorance or absence of mind, have permitted our real character to be obscured. Any one who has gone through the cities and countrysides of America in the daylight as well as by night, and in summer as well as winter, is aware that the notion that our country lacks physical individuality is a singularly inept one: we do not need a treatise on regional geography like J. Russell Smith's "North America" to remind us of this. But while the country was being settled the notion that republican institutions were the greatest blessing of life was dominant, and men traded beautiful landscapes for barren ones, and the gardened homesteads of New York and Pennsylvania for a row of dirty shacks, with a small sense of loss. The delight in regional individuality was called sectionalism after the Civil War and treated as a menace: but no amount of mechanical standardization can obscure the differences that separate New England from New Mexico, Virginia from California, or Alabama from Minnesota. Real individuality may be helpfully abetted by self-consciousness: an Anderson, a Sandburg, a Frank Lloyd Wright may make manifest to the communities of the prairies the source and flavor and creative possibilities of their regional life; but it springs out of daily influences, the landscape, the climate, the racial and national traditions; which are effective even when they are unconscious.

Of this individuality we have had plenty in America, and so far from its disappearing the signs point rather to an increase. In the physical struggle and movement of the pioneer period, when the old patterns of life were breaking up, there was little opportunity for individual life to develop, and the newer parts of the country submitted to a low sort of standardization. It is, in fact, only since 1890 that a period of general settlement may be said to have begun: the recent appearance of such an excellent State history as that of Illinois exactly parallels the sort of self-consciousness that created

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the interesting town histories of early nineteenth-century New England; and in an historic, if not a literary, sense the author of the "Spoon River Anthology" is a Middle Western Hawthorne.

Our European who stops in the standardized hostelries and the standardized metropolises is not aware of this growing individuality: so he places too much faith in the statistics of motor-car production and his own rapid impressions, and has no just notion of the quiet but effective work which is going on, for instance, in universities like Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Michigan, New Mexico. One of the tokens of this new individuality lies in the very changes in the language, subtly colored, as it is, not merely by local allusions and customs but by the influence of European languages other than English. Contemporary literary names, like Mencken, Dreiser, Sandburg, Rolvaag, Ostenso, Rosenfeld, Kreymborg, remind us of the fact that a good part of our population is not of English stock and feels no necessary affiliations with English literature.

Indeed, as the nationalities which have been absorbed since 1850 get past the struggle of the first generation, with new customs and a new tongue, the contribution of other languages, and other modes of feeling and expression, will probably become even more vigorous, and the divergence from Colonial English more obvious. We have partly absorbed the Indian in foods and place-names, and perhaps, as Mrs. Mary Austin suggests, in our unconscious rhythms. Mr. Alfred Zimmern pointed out long ago how deliberately we impoverished ourselves by the doctrine of the melting-pot, which robbed the newcomer of his own individuality without giving him a fresh culture in anything but the externals of manners. Now, however, that our regional cultures are beginning to emerge through the dull whitewash of political and industrial uniformity, it will be possible to encourage the existence of older cultural traditions, thus permitting their integration in a new America, instead of hastening their disuse and annihilation.

The chief obstacle to this process has been our lack, not of history but of historic appreciation, which preserves the sense of continuity between men of succeeding generations and their institutions. We have covered up this lack by overstressing the purely political aspects of our life and by giving to the Constitution and the Fathers of the Country a character so sacrosanct as to defy verbal alteration. So far our European is right; and if this were all that constituted our history Mr. Ford would have been right, too, when he characterized it as bunk. As a matter of fact, the history of our country, the sum of significant things that have been created or enacted here, is only just beginning to be written: in literature, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and Mr. Vernon Parrington and Mr. Waldo Frank, in history proper, Mr. Frederick Turner, Mr. Samuel Eliot Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beard, and a whole group of assiduous scholars, have only recently begun to bring to light our real past as distinguished from an iconography of political documents and a hagiography of mouldy saints.

Our mediæval architecture, the New England village, the clipper ship, the whaler, the covered wagon, the frontier, the great writers who clustered around Emerson, the great engineers and architects, Eads, Roebling, Richardson, Sullivan, Root, Charles Eliot, Jr.—these and a hundred other items of our past and our living present are just beginning to be taken in by us. Much remains to explore. Extraordinary minds, like Hegel's pupil,

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John Roebling, the designer of the Brooklyn Bridge, are still without a biography; and our most original philosopher, Charles Peirce, waited long for the collection of his published papers, to say nothing of his note-books. Only lately have we begun to discover Thoreau the moralist as distinguished from Thoreau the writer on Nature, or Melville the epic poet as well as Melville the writer of adventure yarns; and so young is our tradition that but a few minds have as yet dared to accept it in its entirety, recognizing the connection between Emerson and George Woodberry and Paul Elmer More and John Jay Chapman, between Hawthorne and Henry James and Howells, between Thoreau and Robert Frost, Whitman and Jeffers, Poe and Wallace Stevens, or between Artemus Ward and Mark Twain and Finley Peter Dunne and Ring Lardner. It is not the poverty of American thought so much as the absence of our own self-respect that has made the European confine his notions of our literature to such motley representatives as Longfellow, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Jack London, and Upton Sinclair.

One need say little about the monuments we are uncovering, as we find them in the carpentry of the eighteenth-century house, and the bedspreads and hooked rugs of the early nineteenth-century farm; in the genuine primitives of the itinerant portrait-painter or the racy wood-engravings of the early magazine artists; in the railroad stations of Richardson, the office buildings of Louis Sullivan and John Root and the dwelling houses of Frank Lloyd Wright, to say nothing of the work of anonymous engineers, all of whom laid the foundation for the modern movement in European, if not in American, architecture. Scattered and isolated though these examples may be, they nevertheless give a new color to a past that has hitherto been painted in the purely subjective gray of Puritanism or the smutty black of industrialism. One may say, without paradox, that our past still lies ahead of us; and the more we recover it the more deeply conscious we will be of an individuality which does not rest solely upon our pre-eminence in financial organization and industrial activity. The existence of a painter like Ryder reinforces our faith in a Marin to-day; the work of an Eakins brings closer a contemporary like Thomas Benton; for a genuine tradition does not stifle but reinforces our interest in the present, and makes it easier to assimilate what is fresh and original. Has not the establishment of this essential continuity been perhaps the most important contribution of the last fifteen years in criticism? Seeking, in Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's phrase, for a usable past, we are surprised not by its existence but its richness.

V

When one turns to that part of our life which the European regards with such uneasy admiration—our mass production, our card indexes, the cult of advertising, the worship of efficiency—one is conscious, as an American, of two elements which are usually left out of account. One of them is the fact that, due to an original scarcity of hands, we have gone farther than any other civilization in doing away with degrading menial labor. Neither card indexes nor mass production has been responsible for this; for a good part of our mass production is devoted to articles, like fashionable clothes, which actually increase rather than diminish the item of labor; but the fact itself exists, hand in hand with a certain habit of self-help, independence, willingness to face the whole round of

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life. This flexibility of function and desire to master the material conditions of existence derive directly, I think, from our pioneering past, and antedate mass production by at least a century.

Europe has always had a stable working class to stand between well-bred and cultivated people and these realities. While we have not entirely done away with this class, we have to a considerable degree transferred its functions to machines, and the menials that remain have an independence and self-respect one does not meet in Europe except in Switzerland, or, according to good report, in the Scandinavian countries. Ferrero was shocked, half a generation ago, when he found that the wife of an American intellectual cooked the dinner that was served him; but, from a thoroughly humane point of view, his reaction was even more shocking. The simple bedroom, the self-service, the willingness to do "bread labor," the achievement of which was such an heroic task for Tolstoi, is not unknown in America even among the rich; and among the middle classes, especially in the small towns and the countryside, it is of course a commonplace. Aristotle said that if the shuttle could weave by itself and the plectrum play on the lyre, chief workmen would not need helpers nor civilization slaves. We have not yet abolished slavery, but as a civilization we have taken a deliberate step in that direction.

The other interesting fact about our material standards is that while the European is worshipping at the shrine of Taylor, Ford, and company, it is among our own scholars and men of letters that the real dangers of this civilization and its underlying weaknesses have been most keenly assessed, most drastically criticised. Just because we have gone farther in the matter of mechanical technic than most of our European rivals, we have been able better to see the inherent weaknesses of a régime which devotes itself wholly to producing certain flimsy end-products and thrusting them upon the market, without regard for what happens to the worker, or what the total result is upon society at large. The late Thorstein Veblen and, after him, Mr. Stuart Chase have pointed out the gross inefficiencies that take place in the whole order of industrial production—inefficiencies due to the irregularity of markets, the misdirection of energies, and the instability and falsity of current standards of consumption, which are based upon manufactured pecuniary "needs" and not upon vital wants. A whole series of writers, Sinclair Lewis, Waldo Frank, Upton Sinclair, Ring Lardner—almost all, be it noted, popular writers—have written parables about the ineptitude of concentrating upon practical affairs alone the passion which should be spread over the totality of life, over love and art and animal joy and the idealities.

While Spengler tells his European contemporaries to devote themselves to finance and technic, our masters of business, our Fords and Rockefellers, with a sentiment that does credit to their hearts if not to their minds, proclaim by every gesture of their uneasy souls that business is not enough; and belatedly they seek to preserve, in wax if not in flesh, the memory of the very rural culture they have, by their ruthless concentration upon the machine process alone, demolished! It is not without significance that Babbitt the booster, in Mr. Lewis's recent novel, became the somewhat deprecatory Dodsworth, who stands aside from his business preoccupations for a considerable time and tortures himself with revery and thought. Having made industry an "end-in-itself" for at least a century, we have

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awakened during the present generation to realize that it is only a subsidiary function of life, and that when it predominates over every other function, it is a sign of cultural emptiness, if not actually of personal neurosis.

In short, we are through with pioneering, the period of preparation; and we are entering upon a period of fulfilment. Those who fear the "Americanization" of the world judge us by the shallow self-confidence and vainglorousness of our past. But look at our literature! That note is only a hangover there, an echo in the minds of the vulgar. In America all things flow, and the least reliable way of gauging our future is by examining the contents of our past. Our very lack of tradition, which has prevented us from building upon our successes, also keeps us from stewing so long in our errors. Give us another thirty years of self-examination and readjustment and America may be the last place in which to find "Americanism." It is far more likely that the cult will survive in Italy, Russia, or China.

VI

Our American's complaint against Europe is the obverse of the European's praise of America. He has an unreasoning dread of individuality, of nuance, a dread which was partly a self-protective one in the pioneer who never sufficiently identified himself with a particular landscape, a particular way of life, to become thoroughly a part of it. Just because the American community was originally composed of dissident religions, creeds, nationalities, political beliefs, the pioneer placed an excessive value upon external similarities: hence, when his descendant visits Europe he is irritated by the variety of individualities that greets him at every turn.

Doubtless, these differences in Europe, like the political frontiers, make life harder for the traveller; but by what canon of reason or faith should the life of the community be adjusted to the convenience of those who do not share its existence permanently? It is just because superficial movement over the skin of the planet has become easy that men must preserve all the more zealously those flavors of a community which evaporate with distance and constant handling. It is not the regionalism of Provence or the intense localism of a little Swiss canton that causes international misunderstandings and war: our gross brutal antagonisms are caused by just the opposite process, by the imperialism which attempts to inflict an alien culture upon a local community, as the Italians are doing in the Austrian Alps, as the Americans have done with the Indian; or which reaches out for the exclusive possession of territories, resources, and markets, and comes into conflict with other states expanding obstreperously in the same manner. True individuality creates that deep self-respect which works against mean conquests and exploitations; and when August Comte looked forward to the creation of a hundred and sixty separate regional unities in the future Europe he was anticipating a period, not of war, but of progressive federalization and harmony, since no culture, however individual, can be self-subsistent.

What is inimical to both peace and culture is the notion that any one individuality is capable of supplanting or doing away with the necessity for others. The American who thinks that people are, after all, just the "same" the world over is assuming, secretly, that they are all Americans; and he is at a loss when he runs up against a set of assumptions, a habit of mind, an outlook on life totally different from his own. Any

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peace between communities which was achieved by the suppression of individuality would be a form of death: on the contrary, what is needed for permanent peace is the fundamental assumption that individuality is a value, a value that cannot be suppressed, and that the harmonious interplay between the cultures of the world can take place, along with the necessary measures of practical cooperation, only when the fear of being aggressively absorbed or assimilated has been done away with.

The notion that the world would be enriched by a process of superficial "Americanization," by spreading the same practices in education, the same literature, the same language, the same breakfast foods throughout the planet is an idle one. There is a certain intimate complex of cities and landscapes and institutions that is as necessary for a community's full development as the special partnership of atmosphere, soils, bacteria, insects, birds, and other plants which supports the existence of a botanical species; and there is no patent substitute for this stable synthesis. The American who rebels against the regional cultures of Europe is rebelling against a chief source of Europe's strength. As our own country settles down and develops we will, no matter how thick the spread of highways and radio stations and power lines, become more and more conscious of the essential differences, sometimes obvious, sometimes subtle and delicate, between one region and another. If the American would take this lesson back from Europe he could well leave behind the panelled interiors and the religious icons he so zealously loots and transports; for he would have within his own soul part of that precious essence out of which such works of art were originally created.

VII

It is this hold upon communal individuality which has enabled certain parts of Europe to adopt the efficiencies of modern industrialism without being altogether overwhelmed by its barbarism. One grants that the effort has not always been successful: in the poorly settled parts of Europe, as in the English Midlands, for example, where the remains of an old culture were very thin, the process had the same brutality it exhibited in, say, Pittsburgh or Chicago; but there are other countries, like Switzerland or Holland or Sweden, where the new and the old have been admirably combined. The American who buries his head in old castles ignores that fact in the art of building cities, from ancient mediæval ones down to the latest garden city at Welwyn, England, it is the European and not the American who has constantly led. He forgets that even for traffic Paris beats Chicago, that in the matter of parks London led the way for Boston, that the Eiffel Tower scraped the skies long before the Woolworth Building, that the docks of Hamburg put to shame all our Atlantic ports, and that the new workers' housing in Amsterdam or London or Vienna or Berlin leaves our "prosperous" municipalities ridiculously in the rear, stewing helplessly in slums they have neither the initiative to demolish nor the power to replace. While it is only belatedly that the American skyscraper has sloughed off its fatuous antique decorations, it is to Europe that we must turn for ringing examples of modern architecture, in Hilversum, Amsterdam, Frankfort, Berlin—examples which, to our shame be it said, owe not a little to the initiatives of our own pioneers.

For leadership in painting, we must

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turn to the country that produced Cézanne, and for initiative and daring in thought we have only a handful of names, like those of Willard Gibbs and Charles Peirce, to put alongside the great galaxy Europe produced during the last century; and, as an Einstein, a Freud, a Whitehead, a Geddes, a Haldane, show, is still producing. A civilization which can out of its orthodox creeds produce a Spinoza or a Kant, out of the strict alignment of its social classes a Faraday or a Napoleon, is, one need hardly say, neither moribund nor decrepit nor hopelessly caked in stale ritual. Surpassed in one department of the practical life or another by the temporary ascendancy of some mechanical dodge we have perfected, like the chain production of cheap motors, Europe has in her culture reserves of power and energy that are illimitable, because they are based upon the work of prime movers, like the poet, the philosopher, the pure scientist, rather than upon derivative transmitting mechanisms like the technician and the business man. Even invention, even technic, cannot, as the most eminent of our engineers has reminded us, exist or continue to improve without support from basic activities which are entirely free from any immediate practical application. The respect for the thinker is fortunately still a mark of the European mind; and as long as this respect remains pervasive, Europe need not fear American competition. Until America more fully absorbs that lesson from Europe, or until Europe herself forgets it, all our chance advantages of men or resources or money will only be passing ones.

Song

By Louise Bogan

It is not now I learn
To turn the heart away
From the rain of a wet May
Good for the grass and leaves.
Years back I paid my tithe,
And earned my salt in kind,
And watched the long slow scythe
Move where the grain was lined,
And saw the stubble burn
Under the darker sheaves.
Whatever now must go
It is not the heart that grieves.
It is not the heart—the stock,
The stone,—the deaf, the blind—
That sees the birds in flock
Steer narrowed to the wind.

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A job—or Paris? To marry or not to marry? A young man who knew what he was doing decides

A Man of Character

BY HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS

He had not expected to go to the office so soon in spite of his promise to Laura, and was surprised to find himself turning into the big brass-and-marble entrance of the building, just as he had done so many times before he went away. On the left were the steps leading down to the subway. On the right was the drug-store where sometimes during the rush season he would swallow hot coffee in quick gulps, tasting of paper containers.

As he walked on through the lobby, and automatically turned into the fourteenth-floor express, he thought of himself as a man of character, going back to the job he hated, giving up his chance for individual work, his own life, his freedom.

Already, while standing in the car, waiting to be taken up, he felt the depression of the office on the fourteenth floor, and for a moment he wondered why he was going back.

The elevator glided by brown doors.

In the car with him were three men with brief-cases. One held a cigar in his left hand, the end of which he kept flicking with his little finger.

It occurred to him that possibly Riker would not take him back—in that case he would never have to go into that building again. He could go away. Back to Paris and the Pasteur Institute and the exciting, satisfying life of research and experiment, where already his work, crude as it was, had been recognized by one or two of the big men over there. But at the same time he knew he could not do that. He had come back to Laura. He had wanted her, and he had come back to her. He had to make good. He had to amount to something. Hadn't his family, his successful brothers, his respected father, told him he had to amount to something?

Standing next to the elevator boy was a girl with short black hair and a green work smock. She chewed gum, and giggled at the boy.

Looking at the back of her head, he thought he could get the job if he really wanted to. All he had to do was to show Riker the letter from the Dillon Company. For the past three years Riker would have given his heart and soul to any one who could land the Dillon account. And now, he had it there, in his pocket.

The noise of the office met him, as he stood in the little hallway, the clatter of the typewriters, the telephone bells, the hum and murmur of voices.

The new telephone girl stopped him.

"Who do you want to see?"

"Mr. Riker," he said.

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It seemed strange to see the office through the eyes of an outsider. There weren't many changes in the place—he remembered several of the stenographers in the outer office. He could see the reception-room around the corner, and remembered the long placating talks with clients, and the time the office force gave a party in there with homemade wine, when Stevens, the cashier, got sick.

Miss Killpenny, the office manager, ran up to him.

"Why, Mr. Coyle! So you're back! Did ja have a good time? Are you coming back here?"

Miss Killpenny was tall, and went down from her narrow shoulders like a pyramid. She always wore stylish black satin.

"You're the same Mr. Coyle," she said. "Did ja have a good time in gay Paree?" She winked.

"Is Mr. Riker in?" he asked.

"I guess so," she said; "go on in and see. It won't cost you anything."

He walked into the hallway which ran past the offices of the account executives. Far down the corridor in a private alcove was Mr. Riker's room. And beyond it—with the door closed—was his own old office. He recalled, without enthusiasm, its brightness and warmth and fresh smell of wax. He had left in the bottom right-hand drawer of the desk a cheap cigarette-case and a copy of "A Night in the Luxembourg" in the Modern Library edition.

Mr. Riker was sitting in the big chair by the window dictating to little Miss McKenna when he came in. He held his ribboned glasses in both his hands before him—his pointed gray beard (which hid a scar on his chin) was, as usual, freshly trimmed.

When Mr. Riker saw him he got up, holding onto the papers in his lap, and came forward to greet him.

"Hello, Bob, come in! Glad to see you. When did you get back?" And he said, putting the papers down on the desk, "That's all, Miss McKenna. Thank you."

When Bob didn't speak, Mr. Riker looked at him with that faintly puzzled expression Bob remembered so well, and went on hurriedly, as though he felt it necessary to explain, "I've been to Chicago on a trip. I'm just going over some letters and checking up on the week's records."

As he watched Mr. Riker settling himself in the big chair, Bob was thinking how he disliked him, and of the fights they used to have. Mr. Riker stood for everything Bob despised. He was one of those older men who think that by being vulgar they are in sympathy with youth, that by being sly they are wise, that by being cynical they are intellectual.

"Did you have a good time in Paris?" Mr. Riker asked, smiling knowingly.

"Yes," Bob said. He didn't feel like telling Mr. Riker about his laboratory work, about the long, delicious hours standing over test tubes and peering into the microscope, and the exultation of hard work well done at the end of the day.

"Why did you come back so soon?"

"I don't know," Bob said. "Got tired of loafing, I guess." His father had called it loafing. Mr. Riker would call it loafing.

"You're right! A young man doesn't like to loaf."

Mr. Riker leaned back in his chair and smiled cautiously at Bob. Bob had felt when he first came into the room that Mr. Riker was hiding something by his glad-hand manner, as if he were watching the moves of a competitor in business.

They talked more about Paris. Mr. Riker had been there on his first long

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vacation, and he said he knew many places in the Montmartre district, and became excited when he hinted at some of his amorous adventures. When he asked Bob if he knew a certain place, and if he had had any luck there, Bob said, "Yes." It was easier than explaining why he seldom went to Montmartre.

"Paris is wonderful," Mr. Riker said dreamily, pulling his beard. "The city of love."

Mr. Riker talked on at random, mentioning parties he had attended, young women who had come into his life, business in general, and the Riker Company in particular. Then at last he turned to Bob and said:

"What are you going to do?" And again he looked at Bob in that old searching way.

"Get to work, I guess."

Mr. Riker looked out of the window. During conferences he looked out of the window, when he wanted to show that the matter did not personally concern him.

"Planning to live in the city?" he asked, peering at the East River.

"Yes."

"The best place. Yes, indeed, New York's the only place." He picked up some papers from the little table beside his chair and glanced at them.

"I'm going to get married," Bob said.

Mr. Riker looked up. "Well!" he said. "Well! Congratulations. Rather sudden, isn't it? Best thing, though."

"I suppose so," Bob said.

Mr. Riker looked curiously at him. "Umm," he said; and then, "When?"

"This week."

"Fast work. Some one you met in Paris?"

"No. I knew her here."

Mr. Riker looked less interested. "Well, good luck to you," he said.

They sat there in the office without saying anything for a moment, and through the open window came the lonely whistle of a boat on the East River above the dull murmur of the traffic on the street below; and during that moment, Bob thought of getting up and saying "Good-by" without mentioning the job, of going away—back to Paris. He saw his return to America as only a gesture, meaning nothing. He had come back because he had left Laura and had felt sorry for her. He could leave her again easily. He saw himself rushing through the streets of Paris in a taxi—he could hear the eager voice of the little proprietor of the hotel on the Place de l'Odeon. He could feel the luxury of being free again, to study, to talk with the men who were working with him, who were congenial—eating where he wanted, drinking, living.

Mr. Riker opened a box of cigarettes.

"Where are you going to work?" he asked.

"That's what I was going to talk to you about, Mr. Riker."

Mr. Riker frowned, and became cooler. He stroked his beard. Bob felt like saying, "Oh, hell! I'm not going to ask you for a job."

"Well, you know, Coyle," Mr. Riker said, "we'd like nothing better than to have you back. You are—er—a good man to have."

"I'd like to come back."

"Umm—well—to tell you the truth we didn't expect you back."

There was a silence.

"Then—there's no job open?"

"No. That's the truth, Coyle." Mr. Riker seemed relieved.

Bob got up immediately. "All right," he said; "thanks, Mr. Riker."

At the door he turned and looked back into the office once more, and saw the windows facing the East River, and he heard himself telling Laura that there

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was no job there. He was surprised how little it seemed to matter to him what Laura would say.

"Well, so long, Mr. Riker."

"I'm sorry," Mr. Riker said; "you understand. There's no hard feelings?"

"Why should there be? I understand perfectly. You got on well enough without me when I was away, and so you see no reason why you can't go on without me. That's all right—I understand."

Mr. Riker looked across his desk at him. "Well, good-by, Coyle. Come around when you get settled and we'll have another talk. My best regards to the lady."

Bob turned away, and as he glanced down the hall he saw that the door into his old office was open. He walked to the room and stared in at a young man with blond hair leaning back in the swivel chair, a foot on the open bottom drawer, dictating to a stenographer. The young man glanced up, and looked at Bob with annoyance. "Is there anything you wish?" he asked.

As Bob walked back to Mr. Riker's office, he heard the door of his old room slam shut.

Mr. Riker was examining a proof of a layout. "What is it, Coyle?" he asked impatiently.

Bob felt angry, unreasonably so, and the anger got into his voice. "Who's the guy in my old office?"

"Maybe you don't understand," Mr. Riker said. He set the layout on the table, and emphasized his words, as though he were talking to a rather stupid small boy. "You left us in the lurch a year ago, without notice. You walked out on us. You said you wanted to go abroad to get away from all this—whatever you meant by that. Well, business must go on. We hired another man to take your place. He's doing very well, indeed. You mustn't expect us to fire him for your convenience after we went to all the trouble of training him. I'm sorry, Coyle, but, you see, there's nothing doing."

Mr. Riker abruptly rang the bell for Miss McKenna. As Bob watched his back as he bent over the desk, and saw the complacent way he moved the papers about, fixing things up so importantly, he thought of the blond young man in the swivel chair.

"Supposing I want that job?"

Mr. Riker looked up. His face was red.

"I can't afford to waste any more time, Coyle," he said. "Good day."

Miss McKenna stood impatiently in the door beside Bob.

Then, without realizing how he had said it, he had told Riker about the letter he had from the Dillon people, and found himself alone again in Mr. Riker's office, with the doors closed, making plans with Mr. Riker, who was calling him Bob again and patting him on the back. They talked of how he would have his old office back again, about special trips to the Dillon factory, about a raise, and about the $7,000 percentage from the Dillon account alone.

And Bob found himself excited, pleased with himself, feeling strong, competent, landing a job, amounting to something. He was even looking forward to telling Laura.

In the elevator, going down from the fourteenth floor, twenty minutes later, he stared at the brown doors gliding by, and he said to himself, "I mean it—I really mean it!" And, as he stood there, being swept to the ground, he heard the rushing wind in the shaft-way, and he thought it sounded strange—like an empty laugh.

Laura was sitting in the living-room reading a book when he came in. She

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looked settled and comfortable sitting under the reading-lamp—the light shining on her yellow hair. She looked up when she heard his step, and lowered the book. He came across the room to her, and as she waited for him to kiss her, he saw the remains of a tomato sandwich on the table beside her.

"Well," she said slowly, putting the book on the table beside the sandwich, "what happened at the office?"

He told her. He told her how he had gone to the office and asked for the job back, and how gladly Riker gave it back to him.

"Did you tell him about us?"

"What, Laura?"

"About our getting married."

"Yes, why?"

"I'm glad," she said. She got up and went to the window and closed it. On the way back she pulled the rug straight with her heel. Then she put his hat on the hall table, and he could imagine her saying to herself, "Why does he always leave his hat on the chair?"

The room was one of a new four-room apartment on 36th Street and Lexington Avenue, which he had helped Laura fix up before he left for Paris. He remembered buying the table with the inlay, upon which Laura kept the red-and-black cigarette-box, and the ultra-modern lamp, shaped like a streak of lightning. Laura was proud of that lamp. He thought of the rainy afternoon she had first shown it to him, and he, because of what he had to tell her, had hardly noticed it. He had come to tell her that he was going away—to Paris to study in the Pasteur Institute. He remembered how Laura had stared at him—her bewilderment, her anger, and at the last—her hurt scorn.

Laura lit a cigarette, holding it between her thumb and forefinger as she puffed at it. She sat on the arm of the chair, her round tan-stockinged legs swinging. He vaguely heard her say:

"When do you start to work?"

He looked up.

"Any time," he said, looking down again at the pattern in the rug.

"Are you going to start before or after we're married?"

"After, I suppose."

"That's good," she said. "I want Katherine to be here a day or so before to help me get things ready."

"Who's Katherine?"

"She's my sister, of course. Don't you remember?"

He remembered now, a tall pale girl with pince-nez glasses and a breathy way of talking.

"She's going to be my bridesmaid—I told you that last night. I want her to help me buy a few things."

Laura spoke of wedding-dresses, time-tables, trains, house-parties and hotels. He heard, dimly, her low flat voice reciting the things she wanted and planned to do. He stared at the rug.

Laura stopped talking, and during that moment he found himself thinking of Paris again, hearing the high tinny sound of the auto horns coming in through the curtains of his open window in the Rue de Seine in the damp morning, remembering the yellow sun on the Boulevard St. Germain, and the lazy walk from his hotel to the little café where he ate croissants and coffee before he went to the laboratory. Then he thought about marrying Laura, and suddenly he felt the same way about it as he had about the job. He wanted to get out of it quickly—to go away—and he wondered what had ever made him come back.

He started to move, but Laura was near him, her head close to his.

"Kiss me," she said.

He leaned nearer, and as he kissed her

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he thought of Riker back there at the office, importantly fixing his papers, and the conferences, and the layouts, and the talks with the Dillon Company. And the memory of all these things made him feel hot and angry that he had fallen so easily—that he had given in.

Laura moved away. She looked closely at him.

"Are you tired?" she asked. Her eyes were narrow, looking at him, as though she knew something.

"No," he said.

"What's the matter, then?"

"Nothing."

"There's something wrong."

"No," he said; "maybe I am tired."

Outside on Lexington Avenue automobiles droned by, and a trolley bell clanged at the 34th Street crossing. The room was warm and smelled of the hemlock pillow Laura kept on the day-bed.

It occurred to him again, as it had at the office, that he could go now, he could say good-by before it was too late, and call the whole thing a crazy escapade—a wild-goose chase, and laugh about it on the boat back to Paris.

Laura got up and walked to the mantelpiece. As she stood there, facing him, he saw for an instant a flash of the old fear in her eyes, and he knew she was instinctively feeling what he was thinking. Then she straightened up.

"Look here, Bob," she said, "there's something wrong. This isn't the way you acted when you first got back. I don't know what's gotten into you. But I do know this. I'm not going to be hurt by you again. I've learned my lesson."

She sat down in the big chair. He looked at her, and thought that if it were a rocking-chair she would be rocking.

He didn't like Laura when she was this way.

"Well?" Laura said.

"What is it, Laura?"

"It's just this. You can't come back to me this way. You can't expect me to accept you this way. You left me in the lurch a year ago. You walked out on me. Well, what could I do? Life must go on. What do you think I've been doing all this while when you were away—just waiting for you to come back?"

"I don't know, Laura," he said, "I don't suppose so." He wasn't prepared for this new attitude of hers. It bewildered him.

"Well, I can tell you right now I didn't do much waiting. I should say I didn't. But when I got your letter asking me to wait, I was fair, and I waited."

"What are you getting at, Laura?"

"Well—I suppose you might as well know. There's a man who wants to marry me. He loves me very much."

"Who is he?"

"You don't know him. He's been very good to me. He knows about you—about the way we were living—but it didn't make him change. He still wanted to marry me after I told him."

"Why didn't you tell me about this before?"

"Because"—Laura looked away—"I don't know—why should I?"

He felt empty—empty of plans and responsibilities and future. He knew that he could go now—Laura was probably waiting for him to go. But he still sat there.

He heard himself say, "All right, Laura. I understand. You got on well enough without me, and you see no reason why you can't go on without me."

He got up and walked to the door. "Then that's all," he said. "Good-by."

He looked back at the room, at the big chair with the lamp over it, the yellow curtains, the half-eaten sandwich on the table. He saw Laura standing again

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by the mantelpiece, staring at him, her face expressionless. And he thought again, "Why, this is just what I wanted to do. Now I am going—actually going."

But he did not go at once. He began to think of the other man, and he wondered what he was like, and what he and Laura would say about him when he was gone. He imagined Laura hurt, sobbing, going to him for comfort, or, worse, Laura not hurt, not sobbing. He saw the two of them together, and he was angry with himself for caring about them—about Laura. What did he care?

As he picked up his hat from the hall table where Laura had put it, he wondered if she had picked up the other man's hat and put it on the table as she always did his. Then, with a start, he wondered if the other man came up there to see Laura.

He put his hat on the table again and walked back into the room. Laura was looking out the window.

"Does he come up here to see you?"

Without turning she said, "Yes."

"You let him come up here?"

"I asked him to come." She turned and faced him now.

"Not here, Laura. Not in this apartment?"

"Of course; where else should I ask him?"

"But, Laura, I helped fix this place up for you."

"Yes, you did—to leave me in."

"You had no right letting him come up here."

"This is my place. I can do what I want with it."

"You can't have him up here again!"

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I am. I won't have him coming up here again!"

"You won't be here to stop him."

He saw Laura walk toward him. She went past him into the hall and picked up his hat.

"Now, please go, Bob."

"I'm not going."

"You must."

A thought struck him. "I suppose you're expecting him here now?"

"Of course not." Laura looked up. Her eyes were hurt. She looked very sad.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Laura lowered his hat, and held it in one hand by her side. He moved closer to her. And as he stood beside her, he remembered the lonely evenings in Paris, after the long hours of laboratory work, when he walked by himself in the quiet of the Luxembourg Gardens, watching the sun set, a misty red in the west—and imagining that it was shining in New York, maybe on her, walking on Lexington Avenue, and how he had wished she was there with him, to go and sit with him at a café, and walk along the dark banks of the Seine at night. He thought of the desperate letter he had written to her, and the frantic cable. And he thought of the other man—owning her, talking to her about him in the past tense.

Suddenly he felt that he could never let her go. What a fool he had almost been!

"Laura!" he said, "I must be crazy. We're both crazy!"

She looked up at him. Her eyes were quieter now.

"I don't think I am," she said.

"Can't you see?" he said; "I can't leave you—I love you."

"You must go, Bob," she said very slowly.

"I'm never going—never going."

"Oh, Bob, if I could only be sure of that."

She turned away toward the mantelpiece.

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"You can be sure," Bob said. "I know what I'm doing."

She turned quickly and faced him again, and in that second he knew that she believed him.

Without realizing how it had happened, he found himself close to her, promising her things, making plans for the future, for trips they would take to the country.

And he felt happy, thinking of himself as a man of character, going back to the job he hated, keeping his promise to Laura, doing something, amounting to something.

"With the Dillon account alone," he said, "I'll be making $7,000 a year!"

And as he heard his words rushing out to her, he kept saying to himself, "I mean it—I really mean it!" as if to drown out that strange, empty laugh he had heard in the office elevator that noon.

The Song of the Scarecrow

By Edna Robotham Smith

A crow comes cawing—
Two crows—
Three—
The winds toss
Slit sleeves over the cross
That skeletons me.
The sun fades, the rain soaks—
Still I'm the folks.

I am the boots old Eben wore
Down to see young Eben
Home from the war.
His eyes and his boots shone;
He was set on the boots
And set on his son.

I am the three-dollar cap
Young Eben kept careful on his knee
Nights his head lay on the lap
Of Forster's Emily.

These mouldy overalls were blue—
The best brand—and I mind when
George thought them too good to plough
The bottom ten.

I'm the Sunday shirt
Old Eben's wife that's gone
Made him. It pinched his neck,
hurt,
But he never let on.

I'm the things the folks—the whole
lot—
Hankered for, sweat for,
Got—
Grew out of, or tore.
What once helped them pray
Or make love,
They don't want any more.

They ride by in their Ford.
Young Eben pokes June—
His kid and Jennie's—to laugh
At the crazy old loon, me
In a stained cap, flapping old, torn
Sleeves at a crow—
Two crows—
Three—
Cawing down to the corn.

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The revolt of the turbulent 'twenties, despite its poor marksmanship, produced results, and wove achievements into the fabric of American life. Mr. Beer, author of "The Mauve Decade" and "Hanna," depicts the richness, the color, and the significance of the 'twenties.

Toward Sunrise

1920–1930

BY THOMAS BEER

The Renaissance was born of defiance, and therefore it lacked depth, width and sureness of creative instinct.—OSWALD SPENGLER.

All through the year 1919 transports and liners brought back to the United States those women who had chosen to involve themselves in the war as nurses, drivers of ambulances, clerks, entertainers and managers of sectarian associations, cooks and idle witnesses. There is already a difficulty among historians in computing the numbers of this minor army, since hundreds of tourists caught abroad in 1914 and ladies already resident in Europe must be added to the official figures. But they came home, now, and the memory of their various experiences came with them. They had slept on shivering cots fifteen feet below ceilings carved and gilded in the time of Marie de Medicis; they had learned fortitude in stone halls damp when Thomas Aquinas lectured and damper still in 1917; they had endured British cookery, the French telephone and the Italian official. If they were sensitive they had watched the Englishwoman's withdrawing smile as they concluded some loud, innocent remark, and had supported the Frenchwoman's stare, dividing them into layers of sartorial and erotic insignificance. And, sensitive or dull, they had lived in a subtle, unremitting tension which only two writers of English, Arnold Bennett and Ernest Hemingway, have conveyed to print. They had been parcels of convenience, strewn around among men whose lives were valued at a zinc tag, and they had seen men of their own towns turn from them cheerfully to harlots and brandy. Now they came home and it was natural that a prophetess came along with one detachment of nurses and drivers on a certain transport in February of 1919.

She was a tall, handsome woman who may have been forty years old. Arriving beside me quietly one brilliant noon she asked for a match and in the same drawl ordered me to find an eminent neurologist. It seemed that a girl in her gang had just tried to crawl through a porthole into the Atlantic Ocean. . . . No, there was nothing much wrong. Just nerves. A lot of them were wretched, in her bunch. "This kid," she said, "has just realized that she has to go home and

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spend the rest of her life with all those damned five spots."

Had she said "two spots" the remark would not be memorable, because I was used to hearing Americans called two spots by harassed political gentlemen and publicists. But she said five spots, preferring the notation of mediocrity to the notation of negligible quality. Having thus prophesied most of the criticism to be uttered in the next ten years she begged me to find the neurologist. He stopped his contemplation of a lunatic officer in the wire coop on an upper deck and went to duty. My prophetess thanked me, that night, and expanded her topic a bit. These girls, she said, were reared to believe there was something fine and special in merely being born an American. Not one of the gang, except herself, had been abroad before 1917. "Oh, they'll go home, you know, and pretend everybody in Europe was crazy about us, but they know we were just as big jokes to the French and English as you men were." She said that without emphasis, and left us.

A big young captain from Detroit then prophesied the general answer of the conventional to such sayings. She shouldn't be allowed to talk like that. It was all wrong. It was "criticism"—a word which he made horrifying by a heavy accent on its first syllable. Why, he had a translation of the speech a French general read to his regiment when awarding medals. He had it with him, in a pocket. I saw before me a specimen of the American who has faith in compliments. But nobody was paying attention! Lights grew on the sea. Orderlies were running with messages from shore. Next morning a pair of tall lads and a most lovely little girl swarmed on the prophetess in a cold drizzle at Hoboken while a gigantic man with the device of the Medical Corps on his collar waited a turn at her. So, nameless lady, here is a tiny paper monument to your wisdom.

Before 1922 a general revolt against the dulness of the five spots had broken out, expressing itself in letters, public manners and conversation. American journalism dealt with this phenomenon by several methods, all ineffective. The most striking method was that of telling the rebels to forget it, whatever it was, and settle down to good, hard honest work. A lot of this was put forth from the Middle West and in it one can discern something of the cheaper pioneer philosophy. It conforms, too, to the anti-philosophic attitude exquisitely noticed by Mr. Glenway Wescott. "Maturity, responsibility, immorality, virtue are offspring of memory; try not to remember. . . . No tragic arts ought to flourish; tragedy was treason, the betrayal of state secrets to the enemy, even the enemy in oneself. Memory was incest. . . ." Forget it, this thing you wish to say, and remember that this is a young country, full of opportunities. Will to forget, in short. Sink that ultimate power of the disciplined intelligence which is called taste in this rich pea soup of activities. Kill yourself for the comfort of the mediocrities who shoulder you. "Try not to remember!" And since this anti-philosophy was offered by men who think of themselves as patriotic optimists, it seemed to many of us to be an utterance of the drugged and the privately desperate. They seemed to be saying, "Help us to maintain an illusion in which we have aged. Do not take away our faith in the golden rabbit sure to pop from Uncle Sam's big hat. Try not to disturb our belief that there is something fine and special in merely being born an American."

This answer had at least the exasperating pathos of futility. The more com-

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mon answers, "Stop being smart!" and "You mustn't talk like that!" simply incited the rebels to extravagant brayings. By 1923 the nature of the revolt was altered. It had become, Mr. Wilson Follett pointed out, an army with banners. The movement against mass thinking and mass morale was now a mass production of defiances, catchwords and excited demands for the quite impossible. The trouble with mass production is that it destroys interest in the thing produced, even when that thing is admirable. Who remembers the brilliantly charming paper of Mr. Spingarn, in *The Freeman* of 1922, called "The Younger Generation," with the phrases: "To destroy a Bastile is not to build a city. . . . What city of the spirit shall we build and how?" Within five months this original formula was repeated by complacent young gentlemen in a litter of essays and reviews, until it sickened readers. The city spiritual was requested in everything from *Vanity Fair* to *The Saturday Evening Post*. And just so, in 1929, a mass movement in favor of an intellectual mode named Humanism, much wronged, it is said, by impressionists, disciples of Rousseau and H. L. Mencken, swelled up and became a bore inside four months. A topic which might have interested and might have been fruitful was done to death in hasty appraisals, and has, so far, created nothing but an agreeably tart essay by Mr. Hazlitt in *The Nation*. The deeper trouble, here, is that the army with banners often attacked the wrong thing and defied ghosts. Let me explain what I mean by discussing briefly the attack on Prohibition.

About two weeks after my prophetess spoke her mind, Mr. Oscar Underwood spoke his, in an office at Washington. Irritation made the senator from Alabama epigrammatic. His melodious conversation was usually formless. He talked along, rather in the manner of Mr. Theodore Dreiser's novels, although Mr. Underwood was never tedious, and one remembered afterward a number of good things. He dreaded Prohibition and exactly foretold to Mr. Davison Weeks and myself what would come of it. Many men did that. But he understood, as many critics still do not, the root of the manifestation. "The damn fools down South wanted this so as to keep the niggers at work," he said, "and your big bullies up North want it so's they can swindle a few extra dollars out of poor folks." That, in sum, is the moral basis of the law on whose noble motivation Mr. Herbert Hoover insists, and in the spring of 1930 its apologists have admitted this with full candor. The event was flippantly prophesied by Octave Uzanne in 1891: "It will be necessary for these masters of mechanical industry to find constantly fresh objects for manufacture and fresh markets, if their gross incomes are to be maintained. . . . In the end, *after protecting themselves by tariffs from foreign competition they will be obliged to descend to tampering with internal legislation in order to have the goods of their competitors declared illegal. . . .*"* This was successfully accomplished in the United States between 1890 and 1920, and it is unimportant that men who figured in the process really thought themselves aiding a sound ethical cause. The hidden philosophy of the hog's trough was once stated neatly during a gay

*A more open application of Uzanne's suggestion is the case of the legislation, in several states, against wooden shingle roofing. This ridiculous law was "put over" by pleading the inflammable nature of wooden shingles on roofs. But its proponents were unable to secure a law forbidding shingle walls. Mr. Taft justly remarked of this performance that it was "contradiction of common sense." But the gain to the manufacturers of artificial shingle, from the county of Nantucket, Mass., alone in 1927 ran to an extraordinary sum.

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New Year's eve party at a hotel in Detroit by a great manufacturer. "See," he said to Mr. Calvin Secor, "all this good money goin' on booze when these folks could buy cars with it!" For the industrialists who support Prohibition have no real intention of producing a sound economic situation in America. They do not want to see money saved by the working man and his wife, now that the small competition of the saloon and the wineseller has been removed—in public. They want to see money spent, and spent on their limitless outputs. Even the literary, obsessed by a straw image named Puritanism, began to perceive this after 1926 when the outcry against Prohibition grew acute. Then the advertising agents of the industrialists delicately commenced an operation; capable popular authors and essayists were summoned to conference in offices hung with tapestry and rendered theatrically effective by grilles of wrought iron; voices keyed to a tone of maternal solicitude informed the writers that the workman's automobile, paid for on the instalment plan, and his daughter's electric sunbath, on the instalment plan, and his wife's washing machine, on instalment, would be lost to him if the saloon was brought back. And there was something said about a powerful serial against all this lawlessness, or some essays, which could be placed in proper magazines. "I see," said one author. "What you want is to keep up the market for superfluous production, isn't it?" But American finance does not admit that there is such a thing as superfluous production, and a lady never believes that she is aiding in a public hypocrisy.

Puritanism, however, had been appointed the villain in this piece, although Puritanism, where it exists at all in the United States, was just the drudging comedian of the jobbery. Still, Puritanism was the cry, and the suppression of a couple of books, plus the objections of a very few veteran critics to the mild frankness of new fictions, increased and solidified the attack on Puritanism. It is true, of course, that the Puritan tradition is a romantic asylum to a certain intelligence. The words "sin" and "morals" continue to have a quality nearly objective in the minds of academic and rural publicists. Even in the spring of 1930 one professor of English is still talking about the Ten Commandments as "spiritual laws," whereas six of them are purely materialistic rules for maintaining tribal etiquette and property rights. If people would replace the word Puritanism by the word etiquette, we would be nearer a definition of facts in the struggle of American society toward a sunrise of mental comfort. There is no actual religious *motif* left to Protestantism in the United States, and precious little fighting spirit, save in small communities dominated by pastors of the more violent sects. The very weak censure on Robert Shafer's statement, in 1926, "Christianity as it now stands is moribund, as practically every one sees," indicated the extent in which the cultivated classes had abandoned the identification of religion with Christianity. That the sectarian machinery perseveres, to be sure, is patent. But in attacking that machinery, a regrettable majority of our critics fell to the low plane of attacking it as "religion." When Doctor Henry van Dyke honorably tried to explain to an assembly of his sect that the question of Prohibition was not a religious question, the charming old essayist simply confronted stubborn men with a converse of the proposition which had been thrust at them by unthinking journalists. For, as Puritanism was blamed for Prohibition increasingly, pastors who had been neutral on the

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point or even opposed to the 18th Amendment, suffered a natural emotional recoil and turned in behind the measure. It has been said by an acute amateur of social conditions in the Middle West, Mr. Silas Kent, who enjoys the privileges of being at once a chemist, a travelling salesman and a recanted clergyman, that the Eastern journalists elected Mr. Hoover in 1928 by fighting against him. This is not improbable, for the minor eloquence of the campaign here and there shows plainly the playing off of Mr. Hoover as the good, self-made country boy, the friend of sobriety, as opposed to Mr. Smith, the wicked fellow from the big city. However that is, the Republican triumph in 1928 was a triumph of manipulated emotionalism, once more, and the Protestant sects were used, as never before, to maintain the public and private interests of the rich. Even those of us who have no objection to wealth as wealth, find ourselves placed as taxpayers whose earnings are used to maintain forced markets for the makers of salable objects, electric ice boxes, motor cars, and very certainly the gasoline used in motor cars. Meanwhile the gasoline and the motor cars convey young people and middle-aged people and old people to hot places of resort where the radio enlivens dancers, destroys conversation, and adds to the consumption of alcohol, drunk as it has never been drunk in the history of the United States. The swindling myth of decreased spending on drink can be attacked by every kind of statistic, but the attacks are necessarily useless. This is a democracy, and therefore a nation always sold.

Upon the opposition to free speech, in arts and public affairs, the rebels were more sensibly led. But here, too, they tended to blame the totemic Puritanism instead of the commercial solidarities. What the commercial American feels about free speech was precisely summarized for criticism in 1925 by Professor John Broadus Watson, at the close of "Behaviorism." "I have always been very much amused by the advocates of free speech. . . . All true speech does stand substitutible for bodily acts, hence organized society has just as little right to allow free speech as it has to allow free action, which nobody advocates. When the agitator raises the roof because he hasn't free speech, he does it because he knows that he will be restrained if he attempts free action. He wants by his free speech to get some one else to do free acting—to do something he himself is afraid to do." Could Professor Watson tell me what bodily act in need of control by organized society is represented when I exercise my privilege of free speech in saying, here, that I consider Old Gold cigarettes tasteless, tastelessly packed and tastelessly advertised? What interest has organized society in this casual expression of dislike? What action am I urging on anybody? The whole world may smoke Old Gold cigarettes, for all I care, and since some friends of mine are stockholders in the company producing Old Gold cigarettes I am pleased by the success of this commonplace article. But Professor Watson knows fully that no ordinary newspaper and few magazines would print my opinion of Old Gold cigarettes, Ford motor cars, Pond's Vanishing Cream or Crane bathrooms, unless that opinion was gushingly favorable, and he knows that organized commerce—not society—would be the preventing agent. His vulgar statement encloses also the Philistine argument of incitation—the eternal case of Madame Bovary—the notion that by freely describing acts not licensed in the mores of some particular group the artist and

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critic incite the imitation of those acts, an argument raised since 1919 against Mr. Cabell, Miss Cather, Mr. Hergesheimer, Mr. O'Neill, Mrs. Scott, Mr. Footner, Miss Glenn, and Mr. Hemingway. To make my point a trifle clearer, let me recite a case which has had no advertisement in the press.

In the spring of 1929 a designedly frivolous tale appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post.* The author's intention was one thing, but innumerable readers picked something else out of the story—the discharge of a reporter from a midland newspaper for criticising goods sold in a big department store. Letters at the rate of six and eight a day showered in on the writer. He became aware that this act of mercantile cowardice was ordinary. There have been at least a hundred and thirty-eight reporters, several of them women, discharged for petty criticisms of commerce. One girl was discharged for mention of a tobacconist's colored doormat. But the astonishing letters were those of the merchants; a shopkeeper in Omaha quoted Ecclesiastes, advising the author to remember his Creator before he stirred up anarchy. Some of the sentences in these tirades are just believable: "You should be ashamed to write anything that spurs on this wave of Red criticism that is sweeping the whole nation. I demand" —from Syracuse, New York—"that you not repeat any such attack on good business as this, because you know what will happen if we permit any damned fool on a newspaper to begin criticising goods sold in our places of business for the *good of the community.* . . ." In other words, translating precisely, here is Professor Watson's notion of incitation; the lawless are being invited to do the unthinkable thing, to criticise merchandise. Organized commerce, you see, is promptly indignant. The good of the community is about to be attacked. "In my case," says a young journalist of St. Louis, "the man who had me fired from the —— is a nice fellow. I have met him a number of times. He is Jewish and a good deal of a liberal, socially. I may add that his shop is one of the best in town. . . . Your young liberal, in the story, declares that it is shameful that books, plays and pictures should be mercilessly criticised in the newspapers whereas merchandise cannot be so criticised. But whose fault is that? Has criticism even begun to fight machine-made truck? All these glittering generalities about the machine and so on in the critical sheets come to nothing. Mr. Babbitt reads them and says, 'That's so.' But *his* particular kind of junk is not specifically mentioned. Nothing has been said about *his* bad taste. *He* is not mixed up in this. . . . If Mr. Nathan said in *The American Mercury,* 'I have just been driving in a Whoozis car. The upholstering looked like a Mississippi bawdy house,' the owners of the Whoozis car would be having the designers and builders on the carpet in ten minutes. But criticism does not do that. . . . Is there not something in encouraging the principle of general criticism? I do not see why Presidents and actors should be the only ones to get a public kick in the pants. . . ."

I have spent space on this trivial business because its phases display the cowardice of the one well-organized American class, the sellers of goods, and because the young man in St. Louis is right. It was not beneath the dignity of Goethe and Spencer to discuss water-jugs and tavern signs. Mr. Mumford and Mr. Van Vechten are willing to attack specific buildings, lamps, and manufactured jewels which offend. Waldo Frank, by one paragraph of rippling invective, in "Our America," once scared a

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landholder in Los Angeles into throwing away the designs for fifty insipid plaster cottages and sending for an architect. Bad architecture and ugly machine-made shoes are public infamies. They are not destroyed by a generalization. The species of Behaviorism which has been ethically in power in America since the Civil War has taught two generations how to get along with these "group standards," to the huge profit of various intrenched groups, and it is idle to go on talking about "the unseen Philistines who design cloth for the seats of motor cars" when what you mean is that the cloth of the Whoozis cushions is like the plush of a cheap brothel's chairs. This protected cowardice of the merchant is not merely American; the means used by certain great English firms to save their goods from comment are well known to me, and the sale of flatteries for use by commerce is one of the most cultivated arts in France. But here the rebels have failed in the specific; what should have been a detailed battle with sharp knives has ended as a massed display of painless colored smokes.

The social manifestation of the revolt is not worth many words. It had been going on quietly for years—since 1900, really—and things established in cheap fiction as madnesses of the "lost generation" were done without exciting the doers at all in 1910.* What broke out, after 1919, was a rather defiant frankness, also by the mass, and it broke out among the five spots and the cerebrals equally. A woman prophesied all this in 1905, in a modest fiction named "Paul's Case." Paul was the son of a Protestant nonentity in an ugly industrial city. He went sick for luxury and dignity, and sneaked off to New York with some stolen money for a pathetic revel. Miss Cather appropriately ended him under a locomotive, thus foretelling the grand sadness of modern gaiety, for the joy of the rebels was a machine which ran on a narrow track, a regimented impulsion fed on gin, verbal lewdness and noise, and more noise, and awful noises. The European, pitying some American when he sees the creature wandering Europe alone, sitting alone at the play—if he can stand the play in Europe—and dining alone, does not know how often he is seeing the happiest thing alive, a being divorced from the telephone. He may be homesick, and so keenly; he may resent insolence, and the prices of bad food and wine now everywhere prevalent, even in France; he knows that this society through which he idles is commanded by charlatans and industrialists repellent as those at home, that it is tolerable only for the decoration set up by its ancestors and the manners which are traditionally bland. But his happiness makes him hard against all that. He cannot be asked to come and have a good time in the houses of his friends.

The years howled by. Writers got in more letters from far-away towns commencing: "I am eighteen years old and would like to be a writer, . . ." or "I feel sure from the way you talk about things that you would understand me. My father does not want me to go abroad and study art . . ." and "Would you be good enough to recommend some books like a cultured person ought to read, because there is not any public library here. . . ." But publishers noticed that books still might bury their authors in favoring reviews, demands

*For instance, at least two of the naked mixed swimming parties since so much used in moral films, etc., etc., took place in a private pool near St. Louis before 1911. The most alcoholized dance I have ever seen among polite people occurred in 1912. To get very practical and flat, it is a matter of official record that more than a half of the senior boys in a big midland high school habitually carried contraceptuals in 1911.

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for lectures and autographs, without selling two thousand copies in a population of a hundred and ten million people. Ernest Boyd and Burton Rascoe pointed out in the same week that all this pother about books and literary personalities was, quite simply, pother. New magazines advertised painters and decorators. In fact, these magazines developed fine circulations. One met ladies who knew the names of artists in profusion. Never mind that. In the crowd screaming at Charles Lindbergh while the grave young fellow was displayed in the worst procession ever devised by municipal clownishness, stood one of our three eminent painters, halted by the mob on his way to give a drawing lesson for two dollars. "Our writers and painters," said a lady, a few days later, shaking cocktails in a drawing-room coated with lustrous enamel interset by sparks of platinum in a design of perverse flowers, "should only be allowed to issue something every five years. Then we'd have quintessences," she concluded. How were they to eat, in the meanwhile? "Oh, that could be arranged! Art," she said, "ought to be a sacrificial calling." And then she asked what was to be done with the hallway? Should she send for Robert Locher, one of the few masters of linear elegance now alive? So difficult to find his address in London, though. Nobody seemed to know. "For God's sake," her caller said, "look in the telephone book!" The lady did not know that Mr. Locher was an American. Nor was Mr. Locher ever asked to decorate the hallway. But the lady's deep interest in American art was mentioned in her obituary.

The years went defiantly on. The sensational entertainment was superb. You could hear and see so much, and so constantly. There is a lot to remember—the piling cry of the Negro actor, Gilpin, in "The Emperor Jones," as he vanished from the hold of the slaver, the preposterous swimming of John Weissmuller who appears to slide just above surfaces, vaguely attached to the water by his toes,* Madge Kennedy's laughter in some fearful play about Diane de Poictiers, the petulant baby elephant and that unnamed woman, noble as a Cambodian statue, in the film called "Chang," the blue waltz in "This Year of Grace," the idiotic spring song in "Sweet Adeline," Ruth Draper's monologues, the slow march of old Myron Herrick through yellow light in the funeral of Foch, a great performance which cannot be repeated, and the grace of a thousand dancers, athletes and trained dogs. These sensations have nothing to do with the revolt against the commonplace. They were there to be seen and heard, if you chose to look and to listen. If you chose to look at letters in their final quality of entertainment to the intelligence a great deal went on which was not defiant, not mechanized by hate of the five spots, but ever so good with the goodness of the well accomplished, as in a defiant little play of E. E. Cummings, there was one of the most charming love scenes in many years of the theatre. We have been entertained, since 1919, by all kinds of good things, by Henry Mencken's consideration of the Blushful Mystery and a delicate, quiet paper of George Nathan on the illusion of plays and scenes, by Edmund Wilson's discordant dialogue between Van Wyck Brooks and Scott Fitzgerald, and by Mr. Fitzgerald's musical enumeration of the great Gatsby's strange

*Mr. Grantland Rice will authenticate this description of Mr. Weissmuller's performance. It is extraordinary, in all the wilderness of sporting literature since 1920, that this swimmer has not been rhapsodized by somebody. His economy of motion in the water is exactly comparable to the economies of Belmonte and Nino de Palma in bullfighting, or to the gesture of Madame Pitoeff in the theatre.

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guests, by Lewis Mumford's courtly excoriation of a bad book by Elie Faure, by Dorothy Parker's defiance of the massed poets and intellectuals, by Richard Connell's tale of the professional murderer meekly asking a rise in pay, by Chester Crowell's story of Mary Fisher, by Samuel Hoffenstein's extraordinary parody of Miss Millay, by "The Killers" and the twelfth chapter of "The Sun Also Rises," by the seduction of Mabel in "The Western Shore," by the beginning of "Blue Voyage" and the end of "Golden Pilgrimage," by long passages in "The Stammering Century," and longer passages in "Emerson and Others," which Van Wyck Brooks has never fully published and must publish quickly, by Professor Kittredge's counterblast to the nonsense on historic witchcraft, and by Mary Swindler's huge study of ancient painting which dignified American scholarship in the autumn of 1929, by Paul Rosenfeld's revery on Paris, the opera Louise and potatoes soufflés, by Sherwood Anderson's notice of cows blundering through tall cornstalks in the night, by the railroad builder of "A Lost Lady," by the sweep and force of "Look Homeward, Angel," and by so much else that rose simply from the wit and observation of good writers. There were excellences of all kinds in books meant as propaganda; one forgot what was being defied in observing how well people saw and wrote. Under the noises, all this went on.

The ordinary American in the spring of 1930 remains undistractedly the reader of light fiction and newspapers. He does not carry one of Mr. Cabell's essays on mankind shaped as a romantic allegory when he goes a journey. He is more likely to carry one of Sinclair Lewis's satires on himself and to declare that he likes it. He has heard a lot about intellectualism, from his son and daughter, and may have tried to read Mr. Eddington or Mr. Walter Lippmann. He is a humanist, preferring clarity, simplicity, and mediocrity of analysis; he has no appetite for rich confusions of sensation and memory. He cannot infer from the impressionists. The naturalists bore him because there is no story in their books. He is supposed to like biography and history. He doesn't, but that supposition is sacred, for the moment, with critics who have not examined the sales lists of publishers. Political studies do not absorb him. Christianity does not interest him—it meant little to his father.

And yet something has stirred this man's mind. He permits an increase of the grim and the ironical in the magazines which are made for him. The vogue of the tale of murder—the extinction of entity—has startled doctors. Perhaps the wide sales of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" were pushed by this curiosity about destiny and Deity. He advances on people indicated as critical and plumps unanswerable enigmas at them. "What do you think we were born for, really?" or "Do you believe that there's really much in life?" It is the beginning of the end for the American will-to-forget, that is obvious. Whether a sentimentally tragic sense is the next mood is not yet worth discussing. But the American begins to question happiness, as he has experienced happiness. His motor car and his electrical ice box have not made him secure from wonder. To-morrow was the Absolute which justified the world to his father and grandfather, the day of the golden rabbit's coming from the big hat of Uncle Sam. And, in a sort, the rebellion of these years has been an insistence on the discomfort of to-day. This much has reached the ordinary man. He begins to know that he must have some other defense than the apocalyptic hat. Not even

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Mr. Coolidge's frequent and comforting mentions of the nation's wealth or the sedate efficiency of Mr. Hoover suffice. He is a little scared. One hears that in the voices at the golf club and the bar. He was offered some advice in 1929, although few of him read it: "Man's ultimate defense against the Universe, against Evil and accident and malice, is not by any fictitious resolution of these things into an Absolute which justifies them and utilizes them for its own ends; this is specious comfort. . . . Art in the broad sense of all humanizing effort is man's answer to this condition: for it is the means by which he circumvents or postpones his doom, and bravely meets his tragic destiny. Not tame and gentle bliss, but disaster, heroically encountered, is man's true happy ending." That stands a long way from him yet. But he is closer to it than he was, ten years ago.

Book Madness

BY LOUIS HENRY COHN

Works of living authors cause this particular dementia.

INSIDIOUS is the word. No other can describe this bug that has bitten us. Most of us are sane—that is, fairly so until "Firsts" are mentioned, but from that moment the wild gleam comes into our eyes and a very torrent of words gushes forth from our lips about issues, half-titles, condition, new end-papers, and what-not. How did we get that way? If we loved literature only as literature, we might get everything necessary to our pleasure in buying second, tenth, or even later editions of our books. If our hobby were merely acquisitiveness, why do we not collect the portraits of our American statesmen as depicted on our currency, or the lovely engravings illustrating American industry, which are to be found on so much of the paper traded in on the little street running from the river to the grave-yard? Are we artistically inclined? If so, why do we not collect pictures—those given away with cigarettes in our youth, and Rembrandts in our later years?

A short time ago an ardent collector tried to justify himself to me—to whom it was not necessary—with a long explanation of his fondness for the works of H. G. Wells and his consequent desire to own them in beautiful condition. And then, when I went to look at his collection, instead of showing me the Atlantic Edition, which is a really lovely piece of book-making, he fished out some dirty little pamphlets and beamed like a sun at noon. Ridiculous! Of course, he was, but so am I, and so are a great many of you, gentle readers. So why try to explain at all? We are that way, God only knows why. How did we get that way? Well, I only know the facts about two

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of us and the other fellow can tell you his story some other time.

As a youngster I had that damned Fauntleroy kid inflicted on me in book and lace-collar form. After him came "Hans Brinker," who was not so bad. "Little Men" and "Little Women" trooped along together and then came the Henty and the Alger books. They were swell! High-school days opened the broad vistas of Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Milton to me and the wonderful teaching gave me such a violent distaste for all the so-called classics that I read only current fiction, newspapers, and magazines for a number of years. In college, what with the study of the law, a few languages, and extraneous activities, there was no time for literature. Of course, the best-sellers were read and some of them may have been literature, but, if so, it was incidental and accidental. The urge for lucre arrived and college was abandoned for a career of gainful adventure, which led to varied sections of the world, and produced plenty of adventure but little gain. The career was now abandoned for one which produced plenty of gain and no adventure.

One evening in Boston I met several friends who were attending Harvard and accepted their invitation to visit them at their dormitory. This first visit was followed by many others, at one of which I heard considerable discussion of a book called "The Dark Flower," which had just been published. I asked about this man Galsworthy who had written it and was told to read his "Man of Property" and his plays "Strife" and "Justice." I did and was lost! One after another of his books was bought and read and reread. I asked the boys for a list of other men whose work I should read and was given Wells, Bennett, Conrad, and Kipling. I had, of course, read a number of books by these men but again read them and others which were new to me, but no book made an impression like "The Man of Property." The others were books to read but that was one to reread.

In 1914 certain activities were occupying the attention of the European population and as the affair did not appear at all private, my participation seemed called for. The following year found me in France quite too busy to engage in any reading. After avoiding English in any form, written or spoken, for almost a year with the exception of letters from home, I became fed-up with French books and while on convalescent leave, walked into Smith's on the rue de Rivoli to get an English book. There I found a paper-bound edition of a book called "The Little Man and Other Satires." That book was bound for me in half-leather by a book-binder on the Boulevard de Courcelles for two and a half francs. Cheap! It was not—that was ten days' pay! A short time afterward "The Little Man" went to see Verdun and he travelled about until July, 1918, when he succumbed to shell-fire on the Ourcq.

The Grand Duke of Hesse had never been on terms of intimacy with me but, nevertheless, the spring of 1919 found me as one of the occupants of his palace at Mayence, where I was adjutant to General Mangin, commanding the Army of Occupation. War has its compensations! All the great and near-great were visiting us in the occupied area, some of them charming but most of them pests. Late one afternoon the General told me to meet a Mr. Hilaire Belloc at the station and after getting him lodged suitably to bring him to the palace. Mr. Belloc was met, was suitably lodged on the Rheinallee, and was taken to dinner with the General. After several very enjoyable days together, Mr. Belloc

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left our territory but asked me to call on him in London. Circumstances prevented the visit, but a very pleasant correspondence ensued.

On my return to the United States I started in to buy some of Belloc's books and to fill in the gaps in my Galsworthy library. The publishers could supply me with the Galsworthy books but it was necessary to frequent the second-hand shops on Fourth Avenue and on 59th Street to get some of Belloc, which was out of print. Several years elapsed during which I did considerable reading. My book-shelves were filling up and quite a large section of them was occupied by the purple bindings that denoted Galsworthy. One day a letter came from Belloc mentioning "The Servile State," so I made the rounds to get it but quite ineffectually. One kindly bookseller took the trouble to look through the publishers' lists for me and to inform me that the book had never been published in America. When I asked him how to procure it, he replied, "Why don't you try at Drake's?" My next query was, "Who is Drake?" I learned that Drake was a rare-book dealer on West 40th Street but decided that his shop was no place for me to go, as he only handled rare books and First Editions, and, while I wanted the book, I could not afford paying his prices. Why! I had read in *The Times* only two days ago that he had paid $1,700 for one book and $1,100 for another and surely if he paid those prices for books, he wanted higher prices when he sold them. My dealer friend assured me that, as the book was not in great demand, the price would not be too high. But I made up my mind to do without the book.

Several days later, however, I went to Drake's with a considerable sum of money in my pocket, a strong determination to buy that blasted book, and an idea in the back of my head that maybe I had better stop corresponding with Belloc. A young man greeted me on my entrance with "Can I help you?" That was Jimmy. And the following conversation ensued:

Victim: Have you a copy of Hilaire Belloc's "Servile State?"

Jimmy: Would you like it in boards or wrappers?

Victim: (to himself, "Now what in the hell does that mean?") I'll look at them both.

Jimmy: (taking two books from a lower shelf) Here you are.

Victim: (having learned what boards and wrappers are) Which is the more expensive?

Jimmy: Same price.

Victim: (bracing himself for the shock) How much?

Jimmy: Two dollars.

Victim: (loftily) Oh! at that price I'll take them both. Are they first editions?

Jimmy: Surely. Do you collect any other author's work?

Victim: Oh, I'm not a collector—just getting some of Belloc's books because I'm friendly with him. To tell you the truth, the only reason I came in here was because I couldn't get the book on 59th Street. I couldn't afford the class of stuff you handle, I buy the stuff I want to read like Galsworthy, Walpole, Dunsany among English authors and Tarkington, Sinclair Lewis, and Edith Wharton among the Americans.

Jimmy: Have you Galsworthy's latest? Here it is.

Victim: (taking an additional two dollars from his pocket) I'll take it.

Jimmy: Two-seventy-five.

Victim: Why should I pay you two-seventy-five when I can get it at Scribner's for two dollars?

Jimmy: Because this is the first edition from England. Have you ever sold any of your Galsworthy books; if so, how much did you get for them?

Victim: I wouldn't dream of selling them. I have his works complete.

Jimmy: (smiling patiently) Have you sold your Walpole books?

Victim: Yes, I got a quarter apiece for them and suppose I could get the same price for my Galsworthys.

Jimmy: (with net poised to land the poor fish, now securely on the hook) Well, accord-

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ing to that, you would get back about one-eighth of what you paid for your Galsworthys, and on the contrary, if you buy this one, we will always credit you with what you paid for it.

Victim: Why! I could use you for a circulating library by bringing this book back when Galsworthy has another published.

Jimmy: Well not quite that—for our customers we can usually make some kind of a trade.

Victim: (landed) I'll take it. Oh no, I don't want it in this binding, all my others are purple cloth and this is green.

Jimmy: No, your "Forsyte Saga" and your separate plays are green.

Victim: (now in the frying-pan) All right, wrap them up.

As I left the place I thought to myself that possibly there might be something in what he said about the resale of books, but nevertheless I walked up to Scribner's and bought a copy of their edition of "The White Monkey" (which, by the way, is the real First), and put it on the shelf with the other purple books. That Drake was a damned slick article to talk me into paying him seventy-five cents more than the book was worth and the wrong color besides. But a fellow as convincing as that ought not waste his time with me over a cheap book. His place was attractive, though, with those long, dark shelves all covered with books. Maybe I could get some of the Locke books that were missing. Perhaps I could find time to-morrow to go up there to see.

To-morrow came and found me there, but he was busy and turned me over to his brother. I found a copy of "The Mountebank" and that set us talking about the war, and we soon discovered that we talked the same language—and thought the same thoughts about some of our disillusioned young men. When that topic ran dry, I asked whether he had a copy of "A Commentary" (my purple one was spotted), and he brought over a copy, which, at that time, I called swell, but which I now describe as Mint Condition, entirely uncut and unopened. I gave him five dollars and a half for the two books and he said, "Nothing stirring." He opened the Galsworthy book and told me that it would cost me four-fifty. I was convinced that I was being robbed and told him so. His answer was swift and to the point: "Oh! don't be a sap. How the hell can we sell you a book for two-seventy-five that cost us more than that? Do you think we buy these books, when published, at publication price and then hold them fifteen years to get our money out of them? The law of supply and demand governs first editions as well as any other commodity. You ought to be damned glad to get it at that price. It brought seven smackers at the Quinn sale." His argument was so convincing that I went to the Galsworthy shelf and bought every book there selling at four-fifty or less. This included a considerable number of the plays in series and separately and quite a few of the novels. I was now a full-fledged Galsworthy collector, with a library of some twenty-odd Firsts. They were sent home to me and that evening was spent in arranging the Galsworthy shelf; first they were put up with the English and the American books of each title together, then they were placed according to color and they finished up with the English books placed in an escritoire behind glass so that guests should not miss seeing "my collection of Galsworthy Firsts."

Sunday mornings previously had been spent in doing cross-word puzzles, but this next one was spent in reading the advertisements of the book-dealers in the book sections of the newspapers and in writing to them for their catalogues or lists of Galsworthy books for sale. I had not yet learned the use of the

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word "items." A few days later I had catalogues from some, lists from others, and some few made no reply at all. Of course, the first thing I did was to see whether my purchases were at the right prices. The average was about right, some a bit high, others a bit low. I discovered, however, that some of the books at higher prices in the various catalogues showed peculiarities of price, that is to say that one dealer had book A at $15 and book B at $25, and another dealer had book A at $20 and book B at $20 as well. There seemed no standard basis for prices at all and it seemed, to me, to be inexplicable. Some way had to be determined as to the fair price for the books that just had to make their home with me. What had been said to me about the prices at the Quinn sale gave me a clew as to how to value a book. An amiable dealer gave me a copy of Part 2 of the Quinn Catalogue with the prices marked. The book was a revelation to me. Now I understood why Jimmy Drake smiled when I had told him on my first visit that I had everything by Galsworthy. There were a host of books and pamphlets of which I had never heard, much less owned. And the prices! Books at $40 and $50 and "The Man of Property" at $70. Oh, hell! What's the use? This is a rich man's fun, not mine. I'm going to quit right now. I can get just as much enjoyment out of Galsworthy's books reading them in an edition which isn't the first. And it need not be an English edition either. Tomorrow I'm going down to Drake to see what he will give me for the whole lot of stuff I bought, first losses are best anyway.

The next morning I started to pack up the books but found that there were too many to take down on one trip, so decided that I might as well find out from Drake first before carrying them. The moment I got into the place, Colonel Drake said, "I was going to phone you this morning. We got in fine copies of 'Villa Rubein' and 'Jocelyn' last night and I thought you might like to have them. I'll let you have the pair at sixty berries apiece." Whereupon I should have replied, "I have decided that I do not care to go into this collecting game any further; I would like to sell you those books which I have already purchased from you as well as my first editions from other dealers." Did I? I did not! What I really said was, "Wrap 'em up and let me see what else you have." He showed me a little book, "Memorable Days," which carried on the title-page the note, PRIVATELY PRINTED, and on one of its preliminary pages the statement that there were only sixty copies printed. I had my doubts that any of Mr. Galsworthy's work could possibly be printed in so small an edition. This had to be investigated! At any rate if there were only sixty, good sense dictated that there must be more than sixty Galsworthy collectors who would want it and the price, $15, was reasonable. The book went into my pocket with the proviso that it might be returned at cost. A pamphlet, "The Land," on hand-made paper in an edition of thirty-five copies at $10, was purchased with the same proviso. I could understand this latter small edition because I already owned a copy of the pamphlet on ordinary paper which must have been widely distributed at its price of sixpence. A few other cheap books were taken as well. The word "cheap" is relative. A few weeks before four dollars was a lot of money, but now twenty dollars was cheap.

Among the catalogues in my possession was one from Alfred Goldsmith; so a visit to him was in order. At the time he had nothing of interest to me, but in

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his shop I met Hoyt Case, who at that time was selling books from his residence, not yet having opened a shop. Case told me that he had a few items of interest which he would send down to Goldsmith for me to look at. This was my introduction to the word "item." It covers a multitude of sins, including books, pamphlets, magazines, manuscripts, galley proofs, autograph letters, locks of hair, ink-stands, chairs in which great men died, handkerchief cases, snuff-boxes, and even a shirt-front on which a drunken artist had drawn a caricature. There is a possibility that some day a shroud (*duly authenticated*) will be offered for sale. The only "item" which Case had that I bought was an "Island Pharisees" at $45. The price seemed high, as I had seen one a few days before at $35, but this one of Case's had an inscription in it reading, "Mrs. Frances Harrod with the Author's regards." (In passing, let me say that if any of my readers have copies presented by Mr. Galsworthy, I will be pleased to give them a copy uninscribed and $10 and will even pay for the first visit to an alienist.) Case opened a shop a short time later and issued a catalogue. A visit to his shop and $6 gave me a copy of that beautiful story, "Awakening," which had a few corrections in the text in the author's hand and a correction of the preliminary matter by the author. One of the corrections was the deletion of an interrogation point on page 39. At this time an English dealer sent me a copy of the limited "Forsyte Saga" at $18 and a copy of the ordinary edition at $3.50. Examination of the books showed that the type-setter had taken Mr. Galsworthy literally and deleted all the punctuation after the phrase, "You like everybody, Jon?" and that the ordinary edition preceded the limited edition, as this latter had a period and the quotation marks restored. It took considerable courage to question Mr. Galsworthy concerning this, but a letter to him elicited full information and authenticated the suspicion—and hope—that my copy of "Awakening" was the one he had corrected for incorporation of the story into the "Forsyte Saga."

Mr. Galsworthy's letter also explained the publication of "Memorable Days" to me and set my fears at rest. He told me also of several other publications which were not commonly known and which gave me something to look for. For example, *The Fortnightly Review* for April, 1908, contained an article entitled "Joseph Conrad. A Disquisition," which has not been reprinted and which is an important piece of writing. It is now being incorporated into a privately printed volume to be called "Two Essays on Conrad" and will be privately distributed by the owner of the manuscripts, a prince among collectors and a king among gentlemen. The acquisition of this magazine gave me the idea that other writings might also have appeared in serial publications which were never incorporated into books and consultation of the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature in the Public Library proved it. This opened a new field, the quest for these magazines. It is a field which dealers deplore and which I do not advise for any collector who has not unlimited space on his shelves and unlimited time to snoop for items.

Christmas came and my wife went to one of my friends among the dealers and told him that she wanted to surprise me with some book. He, not being sure of what Galsworthy book I wanted, sold her a copy of Gissing's *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* and told her that if I already had the book I might return it. On Christmas morning I was duly surprised, chiefly because of the selection,

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as the dealer knew I did not collect Gissing. The following morning he telephoned me to bring back the book and pick out what I wanted. He had merely given the book to my wife because it was at the price she wanted to pay. On my birthday a few weeks later, I again received the Gissing book, which I again returned. This pleasant merry-go-round was maintained with her knowledge and consent on every possible occasion until her death. Only once did we vary the gift, my surprise, and the return of the book, and that occasion was a real surprise. The dealer had secured for me a copy of "A Man of Devon" and said never a word to me about it, so my cup of joy ran over.

The auction room provided me with a presentation copy of "The White Monkey," from John Galsworthy to Jessie Conrad at $42.50 and a bit later with a fine copy of "The Man of Property" at $90. The dealer with whom I was sitting told me I was a trifle crazy to pay such a price for it. By that time, however, I had become so impressed with the idea of a real Galsworthy collection and that books were cheap, I offered to bet that the next copy offered at auction would bring $250. Now he *knew* I was crazy! Was I balmy enough to pay him $60 for a pamphlet that he had just gotten from England, privately printed in an edition of twenty-five copies? Certainly! *Jacta est alea! The Rubicon is crossed! Damn the torpedoes, go ahead!* We returned to his shop and he brought out "Is England Done?" privately printed in an edition of twenty copies and, in spite of my offer to pay what I had agreed, he gave it to me for $25. Then I told him that *he* was crazy and now he knows it too. The next copy of "The Man of Property" offered in the auction room was bid in by him at $390. The night that he bought it, I asked him the famous question, "Who's loony now?" but told him that the next copy offered would no doubt bring $1,000. It did—he paid $1,150 for it.

It had been my intention to go to England to pick up certain books which were missing and to visit Mr. Belloc and Mr. Galsworthy, both of whom had extended invitations, and to see Mr. Marrot, who was then engaged in compiling the bibliography of Galsworthy. Circumstances precluded this but a correspondence began with Mr. Marrot and he informed me concerning a great many things worth while having. He later sent me a copy of "The Way to Prepare Peace," a pamphlet privately printed for him in an edition of twenty copies.

During the years of 1926 and 1927 no real finds were made, but I continued to buy books as the dealers found nice copies for me. A fine copy of "From the Four Winds" cost $75 and a review copy of "The Country House," with the publisher's blind stamp and the slip requesting that no mention of the book prior to publication date be made, cost only $25. In the late fall of 1927, however, a letter came to me from Montgomery Evans stating that Alfred Goldsmith had referred him to me and that he had a typescript in which I might be interested. I invited him to my office and he brought the typescript. It consisted of six pages, each of which had been corrected and recorrected by Mr. Galsworthy; it was signed beginning and end and with it was a letter of apology from the manager of the London *Times* for the condition in which it was being returned. The price Evans asked and which I paid was one which I am ashamed to tell. But we are still friends—he inscribes books to me.

A dealer offered me a copy of "Captures" containing the page suppressed

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before publication, at $37.50, with the statement that there were only ten such copies in existence. I doubted this statement, but, as I had never before seen such a copy, I bought it. Later, investigation proved that only twelve copies of the first state exist, but that there is a second state with the suppressed page, and of this there are a considerable number of copies. In either state it can be considered a rare book. Other dealers offered books which I already had, but if prices were reasonable they came into my possession, as I was always on the hunt for finer copies. Resale of the poorer copies invariably netted me considerably more than I had paid for them. There was a bull market on in books as well as on Wall Street. During one afternoon I purchased two copies of the "Saga," one at $32.50 and the other at $11.50 and sold them within two days at $75 and $85, respectively, and to dealers at that. Why any one should pay that price for that particular book I have never been able to understand. There were approximately 10,000 copies of the first edition and if it is worth $150, at which price it is now currently quoted, the limited edition of which only 250 were for sale should be worth $6,000, which it is not. It is my belief, however, that within a very few years the limited edition signed by Mr. Galsworthy will bring that price in the auction room and that the first issue of the first edition of "The Man of Property" will sell at $10,000. You are saying now, "Oh! he's crazy." Very well, I have been crazy for several years and each successive year has proved me to be a trifle more sane.

A few items fell into my hands in peculiar ways. Snatching the only taxicab one snowy night at the station in Columbus, Ohio, I saw a chap with an enormous valise standing quite forlorn. On my offering to give him a lift to the hotel, he climbed in with me. A conversation disclosed that he was a salesman for Scribner's and very much interested in Galsworthy's works. That casual meeting produced a warm friendship between us and we met rather often when he was home from the road. Through him I met another salesman for the house who told me one day that he had a Galsworthy book I had never seen. His statement was correct, as it was the Advance Issue of "Saint's Progress," which had been given to members of the American Booksellers Association at their convention in 1919. He insisted that I accept it as a gift, as it was of no interest to him and a precious thing to me.

In looking through an old copy of the *Woman's Home Companion,* which contained "International Thought" by Mr. Galsworthy I discovered a foot-note that this article was procurable, in combination with an article by Margaret Deland, in a pamphlet. A visit to the Crowell offices proved fruitless, as all copies remaining had been destroyed some little time after publication. And five years had elapsed! A letter to Mrs. Deland requesting permission to look at her copy for bibliographical purposes received an entirely unlooked-for response. Mrs. Deland had one duplicate copy which she most graciously asked me to keep with her compliments.

A publisher gave a luncheon for Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy on the occasion of their visit to New York in 1919. The place-cards at the luncheon were booklets containing reprints of five poems by Mr. Galsworthy—a very lovely thought. Among the guests at the luncheon were a very distinguished American author and his wife and, of course, they received copies of the booklet. Last year in connection with my bibliographical work I found this out and a request to

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inspect one copy brought it graciously by return mail. A further correspondence ensued which resulted in my purchase of the booklet at a price not yet determined—the author has left the price to me and I have left it to him to decide. *Impasse!*

A dear friend of mine and an ardent collector of Galsworthiana brought me a little book, "Gentles, let us rest!" which was reprinted from *The Nation* in 1914. The article had also appeared in London in a pamphlet, but, as I later found out, after the appearance of this book. Examination of the title-page gave me the publisher's name and the long-distance telephone conversation which I had with his widow secured for me the few remaining copies that existed of the original 250 that had been printed. A few of my friends were delighted when they received them from me.

Last July there was shown to me a fac-simile letter of Mr. Galsworthy to John Cournos praising the latter's book "A Modern Plutarch." It was natural to assume that this was issued by the publishers of the book. A letter to Thornton Butterworth, in London, elicited the response that they had merely used an extract from the letter around the jacket of the book and that they took great pleasure in sending me a copy of this band, and that I must communicate with the author to get other information concerning the fac-simile. Mr. Cournos wrote me from Switzerland that he knew of only two copies of the letter, one of which was unfortunately in storage in London and could not be procured for me, and the other in the hands of his American publishers, Bobbs-Merrill. Mr. Chambers, of that firm, gave me full information concerning the letter, which his firm had reproduced and sent as an advertisement to book-sellers throughout this country and also sent me the unused copies.

And so I might ramble on and on, always testifying to the kindness of people who deal with and who love books, but everything must come to an end. Approximately five and a half years have been spent in building up a library of Galsworthiana which contains nearly one thousand items, including works entirely written by Mr. Galsworthy, works containing contributions by him, critical matter, manuscript material, proof sheets and autograph letters. And the end is not yet. It has been a pleasure to collect and it is a pleasure to own, and it matters not to me whether prices go up or down, because in my humble opinion "The Forsyte Saga" is the present day "Vanity Fair," and John Galsworthy is the greatest writer of our time.

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The modern confessional is the doctor's office— What can the church do?

D.D. Versus M.D.

BY JOHN HYDE PRESTON

I

We didn't go to church that Sunday morning. Instead, we drove out to Connecticut—for the sole purpose, it seemed, of letting my friend from the Pacific Coast insist that autumn sumac is more significant than average sermons.

He had changed. Because I had not seen him for five years, the change seemed almost a complete reversal of temperament. In my memory I had always pictured him as one who walked faithfully to church every Sunday morning. And I had thought that on that bright October Sunday in New York he would drift churchward as faithfully as in the old days. With that in my mind, I suggested that he hear Fosdick or Norwood while he was in town.

He shrugged his shoulders. There was not a spark of interest in that shrug. There was even a faint suggestion of resentment. "I know I should hear them," he said, "but I don't think I shall."

Why? What was the trouble? I had thought he would be the last man to go back on the church. . . .

He explained. He said the church had meant a great deal to him until the time had come when he needed the church. His clergyman had also meant a great deal to him until the time had come when he needed his clergyman's advice and help. In a moment of serious difficulty they had failed him. They had not shown themselves capable of coping with a common problem of every-day life. When he had gone to them with a trouble to be solved, they had answered him with nothing but theology. When he had tried to discuss intelligently the little hindrances of his life and to get things off his chest, they had only insisted that a belief in God was enough.

Until then, he said, he had believed in God; but from then on his God and their God could never be the same. They had pushed him away; they had made it impossible for him to get close to them. God became an old-fashioned convention. The church went out of his life. He no longer needed it. Because he had found a better solution for his troubles. He had, he confessed finally, a friend who was a psychologist and—oh, well, he would tell me all about it later. . . .

II

All the time that we drove that fine Sunday, and while my friend was explaining in detail his attitude, I was trying to bring out of dim recollection a conversation I had had with Harry Emerson Fosdick perhaps six months before. He had talked in detail about his

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new Riverside church and what he planned to do in a fold that he wished to think of as non-sectarian. He had said that his fondest dream was to see people of all denominations perfectly at home under one roof; and how he would conduct services for Quakers as well as for Baptists or Episcopalians. And in that same conversation he had said that he had been thinking very seriously of reviving the confession for those who desired its benefits, to make it informal and voluntary, and not only to listen to the troubles and sins of his people, after the Roman model, but also to advise and assist, with the help of all branches of modern knowledge, in the solution of problems. That, he said, had long been in his mind as a necessary service of a Christianity that made any pretensions to help men and women face the actualities of life.

And while I was turning over in my mind what Doctor Fosdick had said, and trying better to remember the whole of it, I was also hearing, by way of echo, some of the pronouncements of my friend from the West.

"I'm fed up on lectures. . . . A fellow would like to talk to his clergyman now and again . . . about little troubles . . . but they won't let you get anything off your chest. . . . They shake hands with their gloves on. . . . Too much of a business . . . a bunch of theology. . . . No, I don't think I want to go to church. . . . You see, I have a friend who is a psychologist. . . ."

III

The idea of the "friend who is a psychologist" was the thing that persisted in my mind. All that day I carried with me a mental image of my friend—whose grandfather had confided all his troubles to his rector—sitting opposite his friend the psychologist at a large, shiny desk, and confessing his little inhibitions and his little fears and his little unbelief, and coming away with a lightened heart. The church could not satisfy him when he found himself up against the sharp difficulties of the soul. It had been too impersonal, too theological. As a substitute, he had chosen the doctor's office. He had found that the psychologist who was his friend was closer to the maladies and maladjustments of his life than was the clergyman whom he had first believed in and who was, in the time of need, too busy with theories to be helpful or resourceful—or even intelligent—as a friend and confidant.

The question that came to my mind was this: just how many of us have a friend who is a psychologist who comforts us and helps us more than any theologian we have ever seen or heard? How many are there who, like my friend, come closer to the heart of life in a doctor's office than in the church?

I think that if the count were taken the number would be astonishing. None of us is quite normal; there is always some little maladjustment standing as an obstacle in the path of peace and happiness. No man or woman is entirely without mental hazards which slack their pace and interfere with their progress. When they realize that, the natural desire is to get rid of as many of these stumbling-blocks as they can. And, being sensible and sincere in the effort, they will naturally go to the man who can help them most. Yesterday this man was the clergyman. What has happened to the church, or what has happened to our faith in the church, that to-day this man to whom we take our troubles is so often the psychologist?

Go into the library at Harvard or Yale or Vassar, or any great college that you please. Take off the shelves a dozen books on practical psychology and a doz-

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en books on practical religion. You will have only to glance at the check-cards on the fly-leaves to see how much greater is the circulation of the books on psychology than the circulation of the books on religion. There must be a reason for this. Most of these volumes are taken out for casual reading, as apart from the volumes used exclusively for study. No student is forced to read them; they read them because they want to.

The men and women at all our modern universities are still floundering through that unsettled period of the early twenties when they have still to adjust themselves to life and its demands and to acclimate their blood to the heat and cold of its weather.

Not all of them forget it by means of a bottle of Scotch or a cute young thing of easy virtue.

The fact is that very few of them do that. In contrast to the moments of frivolous escape, there are hours of serious thinking. And hours of reading. And hours of discussion. For it develops that the mind of every man is a slave to the circumstances surrounding his childhood. It develops that no man is free. It develops that no man is without his fear, his inhibitions, and the little sicknesses of the soul. Against these he is pitting his dreams and his ambitions, and hoping for good fortune. He knows that all his skill lies in clearing the road as well as he can.

But he cannot do it alone. He must have help. If he be fortunate enough to have unquestioning faith in the benefits of the church, he seeks out a friend in the Divinity School. There he may find a solution for much of his trouble and a solace for his sins in the belief that true penitence will absolve him before the face of an all-benevolent Creator.

This young man is very lucky. The trouble is that there are not many who are like him. The majority of his fellow students are more sceptical. They will admit that the church is very beautiful, that its music and architecture and liturgy are inspiriting and inspiring; but how, they ask, is that going to make any difference about the fact that they spend sleepless nights worrying about their sex lives, or their badly adjusted family relations, or their inferiority feeling, or perhaps their dreadful fear of walking through a hemlock forest at dusk? What can God or the church do about these things?

The sceptical young men would follow their more fortunate friend into the cloisters of an unswerving faith if they could—but the mistiness of the whole thing repels them. They demand to be shown, to see the proof. They cannot believe just because they would like to believe. The burning question with them is not "How can I learn to believe?" but "How can I clear my way for success in living?"

Part of the answer to this question is on the row of date-stamps on the fly-leaves of those books on psychology in the college library.

IV

Why, after all, should this be? Does the twentieth-century mind believe more and trust more in psychology than in God? It would seem so, because these stamped fly-leaves are big with affirmation. Let us take the case of the average man from any place in America that you will name—New York or San Francisco, Boston or Seattle—and assume that he is having difficulties with himself, with his family, with his love-affairs, and that his greatest desire is to confide in some one who will understand his predicament and help him get straightened out.

Let us assume that he first goes to the

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conventional rector of his parish, unburdens his troubles, and asks for advice. "Here," he says, "are the naked facts. Here is my family history. Here are my sins—if you want to call them sins. Here are my resultant difficulties. I am sincerely penitent because I want to be a better and freer man."

The rector tells him that if he will have faith, God will forgive his transgressions and that his dark sky will clear.

"Why?" asks the modern man in trouble.

"Because God is benevolent and just," replies the rector, "and will help him who asks forgiveness."

But this modern man in trouble cannot throw himself into the arms of a faith so easily. He has to have a more concrete example and a more concrete answer. He is still troubled.

So the next day he goes from there to a psychologist, tells his story over, confesses his sins, and asks for help.

The psychologist tells him that if he will open his mind to the reasons for these difficulties, nature will forgive his transgressions, and his dark sky will clear.

"Why?" The modern man in trouble repeats the question he put yesterday to the rector.

Immediately the psychologist ferrets into his past, holds to light some ancient fear, some ancient illness, some ancient misunderstanding, some ancient maladjustment, shows how they bear upon the troubled man's present state of mind, and lo! the light of day begins to warm his heart.

Here, at last, is something that he can understand. Here are the facts and premises of modern science. Here are causes, results, reasons. Here are a clear statement and a clear explanation of his own case. The man who was troubled is rested. He is reassured. He begins to see that his worries are like the worries of other troubled men and women in his own street; and that he is not a solitary unfortunate, laboring under difficulties that only a mystic and evasive communication with God can cure.

The psychologist has worked the miracle so passionately to be desired, and the troubled man feels himself relaxed in a huge and beautiful quietude of mind.

The psychologist has put the troubles on a physical basis—things that happened, things that were seen and heard, illnesses and difficulties, in the gone-by, impressionable years of childhood—and now all seems as bright as a May morning. The troubled man has begun to understand himself. He sees that nature is capricious, but he also sees, because modern medical science can show him, that nature is forgiving and that even the most trammelled soul can be set free again.

The psychologist tells this modern man who has been troubled to come back as often as he wishes, to talk over the little disturbances of life, and that soon he will have readjusted all the things that have been so upsetting for years.

It all astounds and delights him. God, it's a great life! Here is a man who grasps at once all the ailments that had seemed before so mysterious and unconquerable, and reduces them to utter simplicity.

The modern man who has been troubled thinks back on his experience with the rector, and he scoffs. Immediately the idea of humble prayer and a surrender on the bosom of a benevolent Creator comes to his mind with a strong emphasis on futility. Yes, how futile! And how foolish! His contempt for his rector mounts steadily. More slowly, his faith in the church crumbles away.

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Then religion itself appears as an antiquated formality which has no excuse for existence in the face of science.

Because his rector has filled him up on the idea of apologies and a blind faith in cosmic benevolence—neither of which has been able to prove its value to him—this modern man who has been troubled begins to blame God. He does not pause long enough between his condemnations to reflect that it was perhaps the rector, and not God, and that it was perhaps the church, and not religion, that have been responsible for what seems to him failure in helping and comforting the heart of man.

Like my friend from the Pacific Coast, this man who has been troubled will leave the church. He will say that he is sick of lectures, and that clergymen know theology better than humanity. He will say that every time a layman tries to talk over problems intelligently with his rector, that rector puts him off with statements about the benevolence and loving-kindness of a Creator he can no longer believe in. Day by day the thought of God and the thought of spiritual values recede farther and farther away from the point where this modern man's mind and the actual world find a meeting place.

But he is happy—and he asks no more. His mind is at peace because his troubles are solved. Life has taken on a new significance. Because he, also, has "a friend who is a psychologist. . . ."

V

There are many more, like my friend from the West and this modern man who was troubled and the young men and women who read books in our big universities, who are taking their difficulties by the scruff of the neck, carrying them to a psychologist, and are turning away from the church because it no longer seems to help them face the realities of living. Truthfully, they feel a bit embarrassed to believe in a faith that is so musty with taken-for-granted things, a faith whose own spokesmen do not seem to be able to give an intelligent answer to any every-day modern problem.

Here is a serious predicament. And what is the church going to do about it? Surely it cannot go on forever by the mere force of tradition, or on the fact that the general public associate with it a vague sort of holiness which they do not quite understand and do not care to analyze too deeply.

That realized at last, we must now look upon another angle. We must see how, in a world captivated by the marvels of science, the church that stands alone and isolate will soon be emptied of its people. We must see how the church is forced to borrow from science to acquire new impetus and to get abreast of the rapid turn-over of thought that is always surging about us.

If the church steals some of the thunder of science, why wonder? Has not science already stolen some of the thunder of the church?

You stop at that question. But you have only to remember the methods employed by the most advanced psychologists in approaching a new patient, to see clearly where these methods came from. The truth is that their technic follows almost in detail the ritual of confession in the Roman Catholic Church.

Going to a priest, a man must be sincerely penitent. Going to a psychologist, he must be sincerely anxious to be rid of the disturbances that unsettle his mind. Both attitudes amount to the same thing—complete surrender.

He confesses his sins and his troubles to the psychologist just as the good Catholic confesses to the priest, and asks advice. The advice is the only thing that

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is different. The approach is the same. The comfort of confession is in both.

From a technical point of view there is not much distinction between having a priest say "God forgives" and having a psychologist say "Nature forgives." The reasons they give for this forgiveness are what mark a change in the temper of modern thought.

But the majority of men are not fortunate enough to be satisfied entirely by the priest. The sure, steady, analytical hand of science reassures them. I know even some good Catholics who still confess to the priest because they were brought up that way, but nevertheless go to a psychologist to get thoroughly straightened out, just as so many professed Christian Scientists call in a physician in time of serious illness.

But a good Protestant is not so faithful. If the church does not fill his need, he refuses to help fill the church.

It is with him that Protestant religion must deal. If his "friend who is a psychologist" is going to carry him away from the fold, then it is the business of the clergyman to become a psychologist, if he wants to keep him.

The responsibilities of the modern clergyman are heavy. It is required of him that his education be deeper and broader than the education of men in the majority of other professions. He can no longer limit himself to the field of good preaching and good intentions.

I do not mean, however, that he needs must be as well versed in all the intricate complexities of psychology as a practitioner with an office in Park Avenue, but I do mean that he should have as broad a knowledge as we could expect any layman student to have. The members of his congregation are not likely to be, many of them, serious cases; the majority need only a little straightening out, and a solid understanding of fundamentals would generally serve this purpose. A few years of study on the side, which would be profoundly interesting as well as beneficial, would probably enable this clergyman to administer this "first aid" to minor cases almost as well as a trained psychiatrist.

This same clergyman may ask: "Why could not this troubled man go to a psychologist and come to church too?"

He could. To couple the benefits of religion and the benefits of science would be ideal.

The trouble is that he is not likely to. Like the modern man who is troubled, of whom we have spoken, the church turns him away by its non-committal attitude, whereas the psychologist warms his heart with the good cheer of facts. Once he has left the church, he is not apt to return for a long time, if ever. With the disgusted impatience of my friend from the Pacific Coast, he holds himself aloof. Some day he may feel the need of the poetry and beauty and mysticism of Christianity, but he will not go to the church to satisfy that need. He will find it instead in his love for nature, or in art, or in literature, or in the face of a beloved woman. He will slake his thirst where he can, how he can. But the church has gone out of his life. Because it could not meet the requirements of modern life, it is out-moded for him. It has become but the insignificant symbol for the thing that is religion.

And so this church, this "symbol," in order to catch up with life and its needs —in order to catch up with religion itself, indeed—must accept this challenge from science. Pioneers like Fosdick and Norwood have pointed the way and have already travelled a distance on the road. It is now for the church to follow them. If it cannot, or if it refuses, it is not impossible that, as a symbol of religion, it may become as antiquated as the horse and buggy as a symbol of transportation.

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The First Illusion

BY HYATT DOWNING

It was Saturday morning and Leslie Bates was swallowing his oatmeal with the utmost possible speed. Red would be along at almost any moment now on his bicycle. Leslie hoped fervently that the front tire on his own bicycle wasn't flat. They had fixed it at the repair-shop, but there had been a slow leak ever since. Maybe it was a valve leaking. It was a long way out to Big Sioux dam. He'd better take his repair-kit.

His father spoke, raising his coffee-cup to his lips. "The last load will go into the car Monday. Can you have everything ready?"

"It is almost finished now," Mrs. Bates replied. "Just a few dishes to pack and some odds and ends."

Leslie's mind jerked back to the impending catastrophe. His eyes roved over the denuded room, missed the familiar picture of "The Stag at Bay" which his eldest sister, long married and already somewhat vague in his memory, had painted. The room seemed so empty that Leslie was surprised that his parents' voices didn't echo. Going away from Clarendon to a new town, new school, new people. The whole thought was hateful. He didn't want to leave Clarendon, ever. He knew, subconsciously, that never again would he have a friend quite like Red Gleason; never again would there be another river like the Sioux, where the current flowed so lazily, so sleepily, beneath the drooping willows.

"Don't you want your toast, dear?" his mother asked.

Leslie started and looked at his father. "Is there a river at Red Oak?"

"Why, I'm not sure about that, Leslie. Yes, I think there is one, though I don't know its name."

"Yes, a little old *crick,* I bet. I bet it isn't anything like the Sioux."

His mother smiled tenderly. "I'm afraid, dear, there will never be another quite like the Sioux to you."

"Oh, you'll like Red Oak, Leslie," his father said confidently. "You'll soon make new friends."

"Yeah! Shanty Irish. Red Gleason told me so. His father was there one time."

"I'm sure there are just as decent fellows in Red Oak as there are in Clarendon. Of course," his father's eyes twinkled, "there may be no Mavis Kennedys."

The only retort Leslie could think of at the moment was "Oh-h-h-h." It wasn't exactly square of his father to roast him about a thing like that—a girl like Mavis. He flushed and scraped his oatmeal dish violently with his spoon.

"Don't scrape, dear." Leslie felt his mother's kind eyes upon him, though he did not look up. "Your father liked a certain girl very well, too, when he was about your age. And I still remember

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that she wasn't nearly so nice as Mavis Kennedy."

Mr. Bates laughed and, rising, came around the table and thumped Leslie on the shoulder. "Well, old-timer, have a good time to-day. It's your last Saturday in Clarendon."

"I wouldn't emphasize it, Robert. He's unhappy enough about leaving his friends as it is."

"Oh, it isn't serious at his age, mother. Nothing is serious for very long at fourteen."

Leslie rose abruptly from the table. "Mother, will you put up the lunch? Red'll be here any *minute*."

"Yes, dear." Already Mrs. Bates's busy hands were gathering up the dishes preparatory to taking them to the kitchen.

Going out to the back porch, where his bicycle was kept, Leslie's thoughts revolved about his father's last words: "Nothing is serious for very long at fourteen." "No, I guess *not*. I guess nothing is very serious to an old man about ready for the grave, either. He ought to be *persecuted*." It was a word he loved to roll upon his tongue. Red Gleason had been reading about the Jews in Russia being persecuted. It represented, to Leslie, some vague form of torture, and he and Red used it as an ominous threat which they held over the other and less-well-informed boys who lived on the Hill. It was serious to lose friends like Red and Shine Granger and Skeeter Orcutt and Frog LaRue—to say nothing at all of Mavis Kennedy. Well, anyway, he'd write to her. The opening phrase of his first letter was already forming in his mind. "This is a beautiful country. I can see the river, like a silver ribbon, shining in the valley." He stopped abruptly and repeated the sentence over in his mind. He loved sentences that had a certain musical sequence. Once he had casually opened a book written by a man named Hergesheimer and the words ". . . a pattern of wild geese wavered against the serene, ashen evening" caught his eye. He gasped with delight and could feel the fading dusk, the sharp sting of October air on his cheek, the fragrant smell of wood fires, and see the geese, flying irregularly, against the sky. He had tried, determinedly, to read the book, but it faded out for him. Some time, he knew, he would put down words as beautiful as those. He had, long ago, decided that he would be a writer.

Like all thorough egoists, he was generally completely happy when thinking about himself and his own destiny. He often talked aloud to himself. Passing down the streets of Clarendon it occurred to him habitually that if the people he passed only knew who he *really* was they would stop and look back at him. At times so great was his conviction that he glanced back over his shoulder to see if they *were* looking. He felt a certain pitying contempt for people, old men, like his father, who actually dwelt in the same house with him, yet seemed unaware of the grandeur that awaited through reflected glory. He had already written several poems, one of which, "The Voice of the Sea," had been published in a Des Moines paper. The fact that he had never seen a body of water larger than the Sioux River failed to daunt him. Another, dedicated to Mavis Kennedy, he had never showed to any one. Standing on the back porch, his hand resting on the frame of his bicycle, he repeated it, softly, to himself:

Mavis, thy name comes singing
And falls, oh, so sweet, on my ears.
Thy step, like a fairy queen bringing
Sunshine to this vale of tears.

The day when I first heard your laughter,
The day you came into my life,
Marked the time which came following after
When I called you my beautiful wife.

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If the burden of his poem seemed a trifle impetuous and optimistic, it did not occur to him. The time of his coming greatness lay just ahead. He could hear people whisper breathlessly: "That's Leslie Bates. He seems so young to have written such a beautiful story. How handsome he is."

His mind reverted to the first letter he would write to Mavis after he had left Clarendon. "To-day I tramped through a long sweep of wooded country. I was lonely and sad because of the strangeness of my new home. I stood still upon a hillside and watched the dusk fall upon the land. I heard a faint call and raised my eyes to the east, where a pattern of wild geese wavered against the serene, ashen evening."

Immersed in beauty, he was jerked abruptly back to reality by the soft hiss of rubber tires on cement as Red Gleason wheeled around the corner of the house.

"Hey, Les! My gosh! You taken Baldy to the pasture yet?"

"No. I had a argument with my father. He doesn't know much about life."

"He don't? Well, he's old enough, ain't he?"

"I mean about the *sadness* of life. Leaving Clarendon is just going to another town to him."

"Oh, well. Did your mother put up our sandwiches?"

Leslie was revolted. "My gosh! Didn't you just eat breakfast?"

"Well, we got to eat at noon, don't we? Come on. Let's take Baldy to the pasture and get started."

The old family cow preceded them obediently, blowing her breath with long sighs into the cool morning air. The road, powdery with dust, led between a hedge of willows for a quarter of a mile to the pasture where the frugal people of the Hill district kept their cows. Leslie let down the bars and gave the docile animal a friendly pat as she passed into the enclosure. A rock, from which he and Red had jumped for distance a few days before, caught his eye. He went over and stood upon it. "This is prob'ly the last time, in my life, that I'll ever stand upon this rock."

"Well, what if it is? We got six miles to go to get to the dam."

"But just think, Red, after I'm gone it'll just lie here and lie here and no one will ever remember that I once stood on it."

"Well, what of it? Maybe I'll stand on it."

"Oh, yes, but—" It was quite impossible for Leslie to convey to Red that *his* standing on the rock, for a year if he wanted to, was of no importance whatever. There was no reason why people should glance back over their shoulders at Red. But the fact that his feet, *his* feet, would never, never touch it again, seemed staggering. "Well, it's sad, sorta."

"I don't see nothin' sad about it. It's just a old rock."

"But don't you see, Red? When I get to be famous, no one will ever *know* I stood on that rock."

"Oh, for gosh sakes. What difference does it make? We'll never get to the dam."

Their road to the dam, the shortest way, led over Oak Street, but Leslie, slightly in the lead on his bicycle so that he might direct their route, proceeded down Myrtle. "Hey, whatcha goin' this way for?" Red asked, querulously, pedalling up beside him. "I always liked this street," Leslie replied with composure. "I like to ride on this street."

One block ahead a house stood well back from the sidewalk on a wide, spacious lawn. The house was old and comfortable appearing, painted a dull green and ornamented, at one corner, with one of those jutting monstrosities which pro-

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vided the fascinating "cosey corners" of a few years ago. The deep, circular veranda with fibre-matting rugs seemed curiously cool and remote. As Leslie drew nearer he drooped lower over his bicycle and pedalled with a long sinuous motion of his rather skinny legs, gripping his handle-bars in the centre and swaying gently from side to side, in the most approved "scorcher" style. The freshly polished windows of the house glinted brightly in the morning sunshine, but Leslie's alert eyes, carefully averted, could detect nothing else. The thin thread of hope snapped sharply and Leslie slumped. Already he was past the house. In a moment the glamorous clock tick, the beautiful possibility, clothed in his mind with golden sun disks, would be gone. He yearned to glance backward over his shoulder. His ears ached for the sound of a voice. And then it came, high, clear, and sweet. The shock caused him to wabble on his seat, but he kept on. "Les—lie! Hoo-oo-oo." He backed gently against the coaster-brake, allowed the pedal to rest at the downward sweep of its arch, stood on it a moment with one leg, and then vaulted lightly, gracefully to the ground. He glanced back with perfect indifference. A girl, in a white piqué skirt and blouse, stood sharply outlined against the soft gloom of the vine-shaded veranda. She lifted her hand and Leslie waved his with studied nonchalance. "'Lo, Mavis." She approached with quick little running steps. "Oh, Leslie, mother is going to Strollers to-night and I thought—well, you're going away and I thought——"

"Oh, I guess I can come over."

"Well! I haven't asked you yet."

"But you were going to."

Across the street Red Gleason stood dismounted in enraged silence beside his bicycle. "Oh, yeah," he called at last from the depths of his scorn. "Oh, *yeah.*"

"I got to go, Mavis. I'll be over." Suddenly she seemed incredibly beautiful with her white skin, the bridge of freckles across her small nose, her smoky gray eyes. "Well, Leslie, you're so sure of everything. I didn't *say* you could come."

Red Gleason called bitterly: "Oh, sure! You *like* this street. Such a bee-*utiful* street!"

"Don't you see, Mavis," Leslie urged hurriedly, "I *had* to see you to-night. There would be no poetic justice in it if I didn't."

"What's poetic justice?"

"Well, it's kinda deep. It means, well, things just have to come out that way."

"Mother thinks you are a very cultured boy, Leslie."

"Oh," generously, "lots of fellas are. Well, not lots, but some. You got to read. Shelley and Hergesheimer. You got to read deeper things than most guys do." By a side glance Leslie could see Red rolling his eyes, grimacing and holding his hand to his heart in a manner calculated to convey to Leslie his profound disgust. "Well, I got to be going. I'm going to tell Gleason the last chapter of 'Red Shot' to-day. He thinks it's very exciting."

"Ooh, Leslie. Mildred Gleason told me about it. She said she heard you telling it to him once when you stayed all night at their house. I think it's just wonderful."

Leslie smiled with just the right mixture of humility and calm certainty which goes with power. "Well, I'll see you to-night, Mavis?" It was a question and one the answer to which was known to them both.

"Well, all right. But don't come late. Mother says she thinks you boys who come late are just trying to be superior."

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Leslie was tempted to stop and debate the point, but Red was already on his bicycle and pedalling determinedly down the street. "Eight o'clock."

" 'By, Leslie." Her eyes lingered upon him. He was easily the best-looking boy in Clarendon. His brown, wavy hair was so romantic and there was a kind of melancholy in his eyes. Had she but known it, this was precisely the effect which Leslie most desired to achieve. Mrs. Brake, who wrote poetry, had once said to his mother, her voice not sufficiently subdued but that Leslie caught it: "My dear, he looks exactly like the boyhood pictures of Byron." He didn't resemble Byron to Mavis Kennedy. It is doubtful if she knew what the hero of the Hellespont looked like. To her he was a nice boy whom she had discovered just as he was about to be taken from her through the callous indifference of parents. She pictured his coming tonight with a little shiver of anticipation. It would be their last evening together and her mother was going to Strollers.

If Leslie was romantic to Mavis, he was a severe pain to Red Gleason. "I told you we was late and you go foolin' around with a girl. It's a wonder you don't put a lot of mush in 'Red Shot.' "

"Well, she called me, didn't she? I can't help it if she wanted to see me, can I?"

Red's practical mind turned to more important matters. "You sure you brought that lunch?"

"All you think of is eating. You're a—a kind of a *gormunt*."

Red was unaware of the nature of a "gormunt," but he thought it was intended for an insult and he rode truculently on his Belvidere.

They ate their lunch beside the dam with the soft thunder of falling water in their ears. Red hung, drooling, over the basket of lunch as Leslie unstrapped it from the frame of his bicycle. "My gosh! Your mother puts up a swell lunch," he gasped, as the thick ham and chicken sandwiches came into view. He bit into one, his eyes glistening. "I'd pret' near be willing to trade mothers with you, Les, but not fathers. I got you skinned a mile on fathers."

"That's no point a gentleman would argue," Leslie replied loftily. But Red's mind was wholly engrossed with the business of eating. "My gosh! This is a swell lunch," he repeated, somewhat unnecessarily, since his bulging cheeks gave ample evidence of his approval.

Their lunch finished, they lay, comfortable for a time, on their stomachs. "Well, what do you want to do?" Leslie asked at length. "Shall I tell you the last chapter of 'Red Shot' and fish afterward?"

"Yeah. They'll bite better later in the afternoon."

At ease in the friendly shade of the murmuring cottonwood, Leslie took up the tale of Red Shot, an Indian boy—who was himself—miraculously endowed with almost superhuman powers and yet was "sad, sorta" because he saw the ever-encroaching domains of the white man rapidly taking from his people their heritage. Red Shot was the son of a chief and the implacable enemy of a villainous gang of buffalo-hunters headed by one Rufe Grizzel, a treacherous white man of bloody repute. Leslie planned his story to end tragically—all first-class pieces of art so ended—with Red Shot singing his song of death as, hemmed into a box canyon by the Grizzel gang, he prepared to die as only a Sioux and the son of a chief could die.

Leslie's voice, mounting with the fervid action of the story, thrilled his own ears. When he reached the place where Red Shot, badly wounded and the last of his dauntless band, began chanting

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his song of death, his eyes smarted and he restrained his own emotions by the strongest effort. He glanced aside, quickly, at Red, to see if his weakness had been discovered and found his audience, his mouth open, lending to his face an expression of the utmost imbecility, deeply, thoroughly, plunged into sleep.

Leslie's voice stopped abruptly. He was hurt, enraged, and altogether bewildered. He was completely unable to understand such callous indifference to art. From across the river came the shouts and laughter of children where the Sunday-school of the Congregational church was holding a picnic. Leslie gazed at them with brooding resentment and, for the moment, wished that he, too, were back again in happy childhood, untroubled by thwarted struggles which, he knew, were the lot of any true artist.

A rowboat which had been moored just above the dam caught his eye. It would be pleasant to lie in the bottom of the boat and just drift, viewing the kaleidoscopic pictures of himself, ten years hence, acclaimed by the world, fought over by editors, a magnet for the eyes of scores of beautiful women. Even Mavis was there, idolizing him. He would be kind, but it would be necessary to explain to her firmly that an artist could belong wholly to no one person. He owed himself to the world.

The boat was not locked but tied loosely to an overhanging tree. He pushed it into the stream with the aid of an oar and then began to row slowly. After a half hour, during which time he found pleasure in watching the muscles of his rather thin forearm flex and bulge, he shipped his oars and stretched himself at full length on the duckboards in the bottom of the boat.

The air was very quiet. A blue jay flashed, screaming, across the bright blue dome of the sky. The water made little gurgling noises under the boat. The sunshine lay upon him like a comfortable blanket. Leslie thought of the rushing years and what they were destined to do for him. He'd probably have to live in New York. The editors would insist upon it. He would give out interviews to the magazines telling how he wrote only at night, after a light supper of milk and the white meat of chicken. How he always wrote standing at a drafting-board, that his mind could function in no other position. The soft air lulled him. The thought of the bright years ahead fell soothingly upon his mind. He slept.

Leslie was awakened by a shrill scream which cut across his consciousness like the sharp blade of a knife. He raised himself to his elbow and glanced over the side of the boat. People, children and grown-ups, were gesticulating and dancing at the water's edge, pointing frantically. And then another sound penetrated his sleep-dulled mind—the roar of falling water. At that moment the prow of the boat banged against some hard obstacle and, a moment later, tipped sharply downward. There was an awful instant when Leslie's stomach crawled up into his throat—and then he was clawing, fighting in a smother of rushing, whirling water. He felt himself being carried down, down by some inexorable force. There was a thunderous beat in his ears and sense of strangulation and then, at last, a lassitude when he seemed to be floating on the soft shoulders of clouds and there was no more sound or pain or fear.

"I think there is little doubt but that he'll live." The remark came from Reverend Blair, pastor of the Congregational church, after Leslie had finished his tenth biscuit and a large plate of potato salad. Leslie, striving to appear wanly

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graceful, exhausted by his recent experience, was having a most difficult time in reaching languidly for a leg of chicken while he was being assaulted by a most ferocious appetite, which seemed to have been sharpened by his plunge over the dam. All afternoon he had glanced hopefully at Miss Brake, a teacher, who would, in time, spread out the picnic supper. It had, in many respects, been a splendid afternoon. The smaller children had followed him admiringly about the grounds and Red Gleason was openly envious. "Just keep your head and you're all right," he assured Red. "That's the main thing. Don't try to swim against the current. You got to keep the old head going."

"Yeah," Red replied scornfully, "I guess your head was workin' fine when Dive-Again-John pulled you up from the bottom. If it hadn't been for him you'd be down there yet goin' by-by."

The force of his reasoning struck Leslie like a blow. If Dive-Again-John, who was always on the river and sold fish, hadn't been there he would be dead. The enormity of the thought staggered him. Lying there, at the bottom of the river, his mouth open and arms moving with the current. What a loss it would have been! What a waste! He decided, instantly, that he would dedicate a poem to Dive-Again-John.

Home, after a ride through the soft summer dusk in a hayrack, he went immediately to his room and changed his clothes. No one had seen him come in. His ears strained for the sound of the telephone which would announce his adventure to his mother. A definite excitement pervaded his mind. The farther the afternoon faded into time, the more glamorous his experience seemed. He was actually being thought about, talked about, by a great many people in Clarendon right at that very moment. He was the most interesting person in town. He had paused on the brink of death and come back. If he had died, the family, his father and mother, would now be weeping. Yet he had not died. That vital spark which burned, deep within him, still glowed. He speculated on life and death and grew a little sad. Mavis Kennedy—his mind conjured up the image of her lovely tear-stained face. How would his adventure affect her when he told her of it to-night?

Contrary to his usual custom of waiting until half past eight and then strolling casually through Mavis's gate, he hurried, all but ran, in the direction of her house. Mrs. Kennedy looked up from a paper which she was preparing for Strollers, a novel club, and smiled kindly. "Since you are going to be a writer when you are a man, Leslie, I expect you might be able to help me with this paper."

"Yes'm. I prob'ly could."

Mrs. Kennedy started slightly and glanced at Leslie with a slight frown. "You seem very assured, Leslie." After a moment she asked with a smile: "Would you say that the present tendency of the novel is decadent?"

"Well, sorta. In a way, I guess it is."

"What is your opinion of the Victorians, Leslie?"

"The Victorians? Oh, well, they—ummmm—well, I haven't exactly read many of their books."

As she gathered up her papers Mrs. Kennedy's lips twitched. "I'm going to dress now, Mavis, dear. Don't stay up too late. Leslie, you'll let her go to bed at ten, won't you?"

Leslie sprang from his chair and stood, stiffly correct, as Mrs. Kennedy left the room. Mavis looked at him with shining eyes. "Oh, Leslie, I think you're so well

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bred and refined. Most boys just sit and look at their feet when mother talks to them."

Leslie was vastly tolerant—understanding. "It's because they haven't any feeling of destiny."

"What is a feeling of destiny?"

Leslie was a little at sea himself on the exact meaning of the phrase, yet he felt that something must be said. "Well, it's something. Shelley had it." He walked to a window and stood, a moment, with his profile to the fading light. "And Byron," he added, mystically.

"Oh, Leslie!"

Unconsciously they turned toward the gloom-shaded veranda where the vines whispered softly. Leslie could not free himself from a feeling of strangeness, of unreality. Through his mind still fled images of himself, lying with open mouth and staring eyes, at the bottom of the river, his arms moving slightly as the current lifted them. It was horrible, yet it charmed him. There would have been a magnificent funeral. Leslie was willing to bet that Red Gleason would have blubbered. Head-lines in the papers grouped themselves in his mind. "Boy genius drowns." "Brilliant and promising career cut short by grim reaper." "Clarendon's most-gifted son passes to great beyond."

"Why, Leslie, you look so *funny*."

"Well, I guess you'd look pretty funny, too, if just a little while ago you'd looked into the next world."

"What next world?"

"Where you're going when you die."

"Leslie Bates! You're just crazy."

"All right, then. I didn't go over the dam in a rowboat and I wasn't lying on the bottom of the river and Dive-Again-John didn't pull me out after they thought I was dead."

"Leslie!" Mavis all but shrieked with suppressed excitement. Proceeding, then, with a recital of his adventure, Leslie spoke with admirable restraint. If, as he described his battle with the current, he yielded somewhat to his sense of dramatic values, he did so unconsciously. And though he departed from the strict letter of the truth when he pictured the awful, paralyzing moment when the log, poised teetering, on the lip of the dam, directly above his frantic eyes, fell at last, dealing him a crushing blow which rendered him unconscious, he was still unaware of the cause of the lump, half as large as a hen's egg, on the back of his head. "I fought on," he concluded, "right up to the last. And I'd have won out, too, if it hadn't been for that old log. Nobody could fight a log."

Mavis clasped her hands and sighed. "I think it's just terrible. I might never have seen you again after this morning. And just when I thought you were—when I thought you were——"

"What did you think, Mavis?" Leslie leaned close, his voice husky and low.

"When I thought you were the nicest boy I knew."

A shiver ran up and down Leslie's spine and his mouth felt dry and cottony. He rose quickly from his chair and sat beside her in the hammock. She inclined her head upon his shoulder and he felt her slender body shaken with sobs. He patted her hair clumsily. "Don't cry, Mavis. After all, I'm here and we've got each other." She lifted her small face, flowerlike in the gloom, and Leslie kissed her cool young lips. It was an act of religious devotion. He vowed, mentally, that never, in all his life, would he kiss any other girl.

Long moments passed. At last, she murmured dreamily: "I like you, Leslie, better than anybody in the whole world."

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"And I like you," he whispered, "better than"—a phrase caught in his mind —"better than life itself."

In an incredibly short space of time, surely no more than a few magical moments, the musical chimes of the hall clock announced that it was ten o'clock. Mavis placed her arms about his neck. "Kiss me, Leslie," she murmured. Another half hour passed, each moment a mellow golden bell, tolling sadly of parting. Leslie's throat ached with the beauty of life and its infinite pathos. Soon it would be gone, this magical moment. To-morrow he would leave Mavis and Clarendon, and the calloused world would never know his suffering. Mavis stirred sleepily. "Mother will be coming, Leslie. I suppose you'll have to go."

Reluctantly he rose and helped her to her feet. She reached up with the loveliest little smile, which struck deeply into Leslie's heart, and cupped his face with her hands. "You'll write to me every day, Leslie?"

"Every day," he promised in a shaken voice.

"Then kiss me good night."

A moment later the click of the screen door told him that she was gone and Leslie stumbled down the steps onto the dew-drenched lawn where moonlight lay in dappled patterns upon the grass. He gazed back at the house yearningly. A light snapped on in a front room and Mavis's small figure emerged from the shadows. She crossed to a table and stood gazing down upon it in pensive revery. Leslie knew the thoughts which were lying, like fragrance, in her mind. She was, he told himself, thinking of him, of their last precious moment together. Then she reached down, and, lifting a box, took something from it. She regarded the object a moment in wrapt contemplation and then crowded it into her mouth, her small jaws moving rhythmically, steadily. She was eating candy—chocolates! Leslie stared in a moment of awful fascination. That she could turn from him and their last beautiful moment to a gross and earthy appetite shocked and revolted him.

"Women!" he muttered from the depths of his disillusionment. "Oh, women, women!" Then slowly and sadly he made his way to the gate and out into the street.

Relativity

By Katharine Newlin Burt

My dog and I are alone on the top of a hill.
I am pondering God: my heart is serene, my brain, still.
Rover is pondering me: he is good as a piece of bread,
Loyal and valiant and meek, and selfless as the dead.

We go down from the hill—I and my dog Rover—
We face our own kind now and we look them over.
A snarl and a lifted lip and a cynical sneer . . .
What are we then . . . God's man and dog's God? It is queer!

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

My own suggestion for dealing with the question of Prohibition is so simple that it could not possibly be adopted. Here it is, and I see no flaw in it. I wish every newspaper in the United States, beginning with the first day of May, would for one entire calendar year not once mention Prohibition, the Eighteenth Amendment, the Volstead Act, light wines and beer; in short, make not the slightest reference to the subject of drinking. Along with this grateful silence, I should like to see the United States Government call off their Hounds; refuse to spend one cent on the general enforcement of Prohibition. Anybody caught driving a car while drunk should be arrested by the regular police and severely dealt with; any one else drunk or disorderly, making a nuisance of himself, also arrested, though not so severely dealt with. Take care of specific cases of drunkenness, but remove the spies, the inquisitors, the roaming agents looking for trouble. I believe if this were done, the situation would improve.

The newspapers naturally print what interests the largest number of readers, and "feature" the items that have the greatest news value. But I cannot believe I am the only person in America who is sick of seeing the front page every morning and every evening flaring with Prohibition. I am in fact bored to death with the whole subject, and never read a word of such news, or letters, or editorial comment. Furthermore, it seems to me that intelligent Americans should by this time have found some other subject to talk about, and I observe that the more intelligent they are, the less they have to say about Prohibition. Give us a rest.

I have just been talking with the American novelist Robert Herrick, and we are in happy and complete agreement. We do not care whether the individual newspaper, the individual senator, the individual person we meet, is wet or dry. All we ask of him is that he will on no account mention the subject. We are interested neither in his habits nor in his views.

I have no doubt the subject of Prohibition has seriously impaired the intelligence of the American people. Conversation is a fine art, and proficiency in it a great accomplishment. The fact that Prohibition has been and still is the major topic of American talk has prevented millions from cultivating the art of intelligent, illuminating, and varied conversation. A man who talks only on one theme is a colossal bore. At this moment America is filled with bores. Drink if you wish, don't drink if you don't want to, but please . . .

If the United States Government refrained from spending such an immense amount of time and money on the theoretical enforcement of Prohibition, it would have more time and money to spend on a question of greater and more urgent necessity. This is the question of *unemployment*. It seems strange and

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sad in a country so rich and prosperous as ours that so many men and women are out of work, cannot indeed get a job; and many who are employed are in daily fear of being dismissed.

Before the war, I frequently asked employers of labor, and experts familiar with economic conditions, this question: Do you know of a single case where a man of average health and average intelligence, who has no bad habits like excessive drinking, is unable to support himself, his wife and family? I received invariably the answer that no such case existed.

To-day the situation is tragically different. Unwillingness to work is comparatively rare. No opportunity to work is common. The terror overhanging millions of workmen is insecurity of tenure; there are many men and women of average health and intelligence, sober and industrious, who cannot find a job. This seems to me a matter of more importance than the question whether or not there is drinking in clubs, or as to the amount of liquor smuggled into the country. Having said this, I say no more. I promise my readers, that after my complaint of the undue space given to Prohibition in the public press, I will not enter the vicious circle of saying in print that too much is said in print.

I am somewhere in South Carolina, but I am approaching the New York office of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE at the rate of fifty miles an hour. I am returning from a four days' visit to Rollins College, in Winter Park, Fla. This college, under the leadership of Hamilton Holt, an able and fearless president, is making an experiment in education that should attract the attention of the whole country. There are no routine lectures or recitations, and there are no examinations. If a student takes a course, let us say in economics, he sits at a long table with his classmates and the professor, two hours at a stretch and for five successive days, 10.30 to 12.30, Monday–Friday inclusive. They all study together, keeping full note-books. The professor is there to answer any questions or to elucidate any problem. Instead of the students replying to questions from the teacher, or receiving information in lectures, *they* ask the questions. Part of the time is taken up with informal discussion, but the chief idea is that the students will work up the subject for themselves, take the initiative, and refer their difficulties to the Living Authority who is in the room *while they are working*. Of course the classes are kept small, from fifteen to twenty-five pupils. One thing is certain: both faculty and students are enthusiastic believers in the scheme. I took occasion to ask a great many questions; not a single person expressed any doubt or dissatisfaction.

Ordinarily in a climate where it is eternal summer, one would not expect the best scholastic results; but the Florida climate is particularly well adapted to the Rollins plan. The fact that the studying is done *in the room,* with the competitors and professor present, makes all the difference in the world. Then as the temperature outdoors is the same as within, you will see teacher and pupils carrying on an animated discussion as they leave the room and walk across the campus, or stop under the trees.

President Holt has succeeded in drawing into his faculty a collection of eminent men and women; for the success of his educational method depends almost entirely on the personality of the teacher. On the faculty this year I found Robert Herrick, the distinguished novelist, with many years of academic experience; Corra Harris, well-known

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novelist, a woman who is all brains, a wise and inspiring companion for the students; Fred Lewis Pattee, an admirable teacher, and an authority on modern literature; Jessie Rittenhouse, the poet; Percy MacKaye, who is teaching folklore; Professor France, brother of Senator France, who comes to the teaching of economics after a prolonged experience as a practising lawyer and business man; Professor Campbell, teacher of the Bible and public orator; and Irving Bacheller, who lives in Winter Park, and gives an evening every week in his home to advanced students in creative composition.

I arrived on Saturday afternoon, and immediately went to the beautiful Brewer estate, where in the open air a concert was given by the Winter Park Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Clarence Nice, with an address by Mrs. Laidlaw of New York. That evening the Irving Bachellers, with whom we were staying, gave a dinner party, and Miss Moore, a concert pianist who teaches music in the college, played superbly both classic and contemporary pieces. Sunday morning I preached, and in the afternoon, in the open air, to an audience of four thousand, we had *The Animated Magazine,* an original idea of President Holt, who acted as editor. Some of the contributors, who appeared in person, and read extracts from their published works, were Ray Stannard Baker, Irving Bacheller, Corra Harris, Albert Shaw, Jessie Rittenhouse, Percy MacKaye, Frank Lyon Polk, Opie Read, Fred Pattee, Mrs. Laidlaw, the Reverend Doctor Jenkins.

Monday was the great day, because an honorary degree was given to Thomas Alva Edison, who had motored up from his home in Fort Myers. Immense throngs followed him in the academic procession, and a battery of cameras worked like machine-guns. He could not hear the applause, but he smiled graciously. As he sat on the platform some one handed him a note, and to my amazement he read it without glasses. He is eighty-three. Later I asked him if he never used glasses, and he drew a pair of spectacles from his pocket, though he said he could read well enough without them. He said that his eyes had been injured by so much electricity, but I thought if a man of that age could read without glasses, I should like to be injured in a similar manner.

I reminded him of the time more than twenty years ago when I sat next to him in the audience at the opening night of the New Theatre. Then I learned patience from him. The play began at 8.30 and finished at 2 A. M., but although he could not hear, he stayed to the end.

President Holt gave a luncheon, and Mr. Edison, who does not eat, but has a glass of milk occasionally, sat with us, and smilingly answered one question after another, which we submitted in writing. I asked him where he got his middle name, and he said it had nothing to do with the Duke of Alva; but that there had been a Captain Alva Somebody-or-other who had sailed on the Great Lakes, and he was named after him. Then we asked him to repeat the delightful story of his experience as a newsboy on a mixed train on the Grand Trunk, running between Port Huron and Detroit in 1860, where, thanks to an open-handed drunken Southern gentleman, he acquired for the first time some capital, enabling him to go from paper-selling to telegraphy. This whole story is told by Irving Bacheller in "The American Scrapbook" for 1930, just published, and I advise all my readers to buy a copy.

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He told us his main interest now was in plants. He was extracting rubber from golden rod, and was working on hundreds of other plants in his laboratory. It will be necessary, said he, for America to have supplies of rubber in the next war, which he believes is sure to come. He spoke of his experiments with plants with the same enthusiasm and interest that would be displayed by an eager young scientist of twenty-five.

He told us many other stories and anecdotes, and seemed to be in the highest spirits. He produced on us all an impression of marvellous sweetness, benignity, modesty, gentleness, happiness. I have never seen a happier man; and *goodness* seemed to radiate unaffectedly from his face and voice. We found him adorable. I had the pleasure of sitting between his wife and her sister, charming women, and they told me they had not seen him for a long time so expansive in society, though he is always kindly and generous.

It was worth travelling from New Haven to Florida to meet Mr. Edison and his family. There is no more eminent man alive, and none more sure of eternal fame, which facts make his simplicity, modesty, and grace all the more beautiful.

Apart from the educational experiment of Rollins College, Doctor Holt is going by this means to solve a difficulty hitherto insoluble. New York and its neighborhood has all the advantages of culture—theatres, music, art, etc.—but a cold winter climate. Our Southern States have a marvellous winter climate, but comparatively few means of culture. Those who could not live healthily in the North or happily without intellectual opportunities have been in a quandary. But Rollins College, with distinguished men and women on its faculty, which it will draw from both Europe and America, will create a centre of culture in Florida that will leaven the whole State. And I believe there are many elderly poets, dramatists, novelists, musicians, and philosophers who will jump at the opportunity to live in such a wonderful climate and enjoy at the same time associating with eager boys and girls as teacher-companions, "lending their minds out."

When Gene Tunney abandoned the lucrative profession of boxing for his major interest—books and reading—he synchronized accurately with the general trend of the American public. Not so many years ago, I remember seeing somewhere a complaint that the gossipy advertising and exploitation of personalities in the newspapers was confined to sport—prize-fighting, professional baseball, golf, etc. The complaint suggested that if poets, novelists, and dramatists were accorded the same amount of space in newspaper columns, that is to say, frequent "write-ups," there would be a corresponding increase in public interest in literature.

Well, in the year of grace 1930, this has come to pass. Since the retirement of Mr. Tunney from the arena, excitement over fistics has been succeeded by an invincible and thus far immovable apathy. While I am writing these words promoters are endeavoring to whip up some interest in a meeting between Mr. Sharkey (whom Tunney likened to Ajax) and Mr. Phil Scott, who has been called the horizontal champion. Up to this moment their efforts have been as successful as a child's attempt to lift a safe.

On the other hand, during the last few years, the advertisements in the newspapers of new books, columns and columns of reviews, increasing number

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of items of personal gossip concerning foreign and native novelists, all indicate a sharp rise in public excitement. There seems to be more general interest in Thornton Wilder, Ernest Hemingway, Hugh Walpole than there is in boxers, golfers, and ball-players.

The appearance of a novel by Thornton Wilder, eagerly awaited, is news of the first magnitude.

A considerable number of novels reach during the first few months a sale of over a hundred thousand copies; which means that a very wide-spread interest is taken in their successful authors, causing a sharp demand for news of their habits, their clothes, their tastes, and their travels. All this is well enough, but the light has its shadow.

The national motto, SPEED, affects the production of books in a manner not wholly laudable.

> "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Unless popular writers keep themselves in front of the public by the constant production of new books, they are in danger of being swamped in the advancing flood. "The present eye praises the present object." Mr. Lippincott of Philadelphia uttered recently a general warning when he said nobody would read an old book. All want the latest thing in literature as they want the latest thing in clothes.

Yet the classics have a steady sale, and the innumerable courses in Shakespeare and other standard authors given in our public high schools are accomplishing good and permanent results. But the attitude of the general reader is so exclusively sidewise that he not only neglects the classics but even authors prominent ten years ago.

The fact that Bernard Shaw, nearly seventy-four years old, has a new play on this year does not seem to any one remarkable; whereas Pinero, who is seventy-five, with a new play coming along this autumn, is regarded with surprise. It is impossible to think of Shaw as old, his mind is so alert and agile. Furthermore, the dramas of Pinero seem to belong to an age that is passed, whereas G. B. S. belongs to the future. Yet I believe that from time to time we shall see revivals of Pinero. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Iris," "The Thunderbolt," and my own favorite, "His House in Order," are masterpieces.

St. John Ervine stirred up such a rumpus as the fighting critic of the New York *World* last season that I am afraid many of his rivals and his enemies hoped that his new play, "The First Mrs. Fraser," would fail. On the contrary, it is so successful that during the month of February seats were selling as far ahead as June. It has an ingenious plot, with unexpected convolutions, the dialogue is amazingly clever while remaining human, and the whole thing is so altogether delightful that one hates to see the final curtain. The acting of Grace George, Mr. Matthews, and Mr. Grossmith is impeccable.

Other outstanding successes of the season, and they richly deserve their success, are "Death Takes a Holiday" and "Michael and Mary." In the latter Edith Barrett, the young granddaughter of Lawrence Barrett, gives so brilliant a performance that she has added new lustre to the family name.

I got up at six o'clock to hear King George's speech at the opening of the conference in London. While listening with all kinds of thrills, I thought of the play "Berkeley Square," for I heard the king make his speech five hours before he made it. Naturally I was interested in his pronunciation, and while it is not

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for me to comment on the king's English, I observed that he did not have what is sometimes called the Oxford accent. I was mildly shocked at his pronunciation of the word "particular," where the "u" failed to receive the respect usually given to it.

On February 20 I was present at a dinner given to the admirable H. M. Tomlinson by Mr. Wells and Mr. Saxton of Harper's. Hugh Walpole was present and made a charming speech. A bust of Tomlinson, by Sava Botzaris, was unveiled; and it was so exactly like the original that it made a sensation. The head is twice life size, and on the spot we all became head-hunters, and insisted on each having one of reduced proportions.

Mr. Tomlinson's "All Our Yesterdays" is sure of having many to-morrows, as it is a book built to last. He insists that he did not write it himself, had nothing to do with it, but merely held the pen; and indeed it is an inspired work. The author has only lately come into his own, after many years of devotion to literature. He has apparently never written a careless sentence, and the integrity of his art is matched by the sheer nobility of his character. There is a "daily beauty in his life."

After nearly twenty years of novel-writing, Hugh Walpole makes his first appearance as a playwright. Sybil Thorndike and a splendid cast will make the first night memorable. Thus one more distinguished Englishman of letters turns to the stage, following the example of his older contemporaries, Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Bennett, Ervine, Yeats, Archer, and others. No age since the Elizabethan has attracted to the theatre so many famous writers.

Hugh Walpole's new novel, also to appear this spring, is in an entirely new vein for him, being a story whose scenes are laid in the eighteenth century. He declares he has put his best into it, for he is at heart, like most excellent writers, an incurable romantic.

H. W. Freeman, whose novel "Joseph and His Brethren" gave me such delight a year ago, has produced another novel of farm life, "Down in the Valley." The characters are not so sharply or perhaps so powerfully drawn as in the former book, but it is an excellent story, and I confidently recommend it. Some more novels like this, and perhaps the young people will take to the farm, as I know of no books that show such a love of the agricultural profession. I hope in the winter evenings, when our farmers are not so exhausted as in the summer-time, that they will read this novel and discover how happy and contented they are.

A. E. Zucker's biography, "Ibsen—The Master Builder," is by far the best life of Ibsen in English, though Professor Weigand's "The Modern Ibsen" is unsurpassed as a work of criticism. Mr. Zucker takes Ibsen from the cradle to the grave, and I feel that I know the man as I never knew him before. Although the biographer's admiration for Ibsen the writer is close to idolatry, he depicts his life and character with a regard only for the facts. The result is that it is impossible either to love or respect Ibsen, except as we respect his absolute devotion to his art.

An interesting and charming book of outdoor contemplation of bees, birds, and reptiles is "Wild Honey," by Samuel Scoville, Jr., illustrated with admirable dry-point etchings by Henry Emerson Tuttle. The adventures of the author in hunting with a camera are told with immense gusto and with sparkling

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humor. I particularly envy him for having seen so many *pileated woodpeckers.* This gorgeous and astounding bird I have never seen alive. He is in his manners and habits like other woodpeckers, has their undulating flight, but is absurdly huge, being as big as a crow, eighteen inches long. I have always loved woodpeckers, both for their beauty and their industry; and they seem to have a keen sense of humor. The hairy woodpecker, which is an outsize downy, is very rarely seen to-day, though I knew him well in my youth. The gorgeous red-headed one and the superb yellow-hammer are among our commonest neighbors. Yellowhammers and robins are so friendly that they flock together in September.

Once, while lying sick in bed with the flu, I happened to glance toward the window, and saw long pieces of bark and thickish billets of wood falling through the air. Thinking there must be a man up in my tree and for some reason known only to himself engaged in tearing it to pieces, I wearily went to the window, and there to my amazement and amusement was one small downy woodpecker, working as if he were putting out a fire. He ripped out with his tiny bill great hunks of wood, and had drawn a crowd of admiring spectators. Sick as I was, I could not help laughing.

I have often envied woodpeckers the useful spike in their tails, which enables them to sit down on a perpendicular surface. They look so comfortable. How excellent it would be to have a spike in your coattail while standing up against the wall at a reception or, best of all, when walking along the slippery floors of an art gallery, the most horribly fatiguing of all exercises. If one could plant one's spike in the wall, and thus regard the masterpiece opposite!

I suppose birds sometimes have headaches, caused by "a rather tough worm in their little inside," or by a sleepless night. How terrible to be a woodpecker with a hangover, and spend hours beating your throbbing brow into the trunk of a tree! Birds have their bad moments, depend upon it. But how on earth does a woodpecker make his beak beat so fast, as fast as a riveting hammer?

The only thing I do *not* envy Mr. Scoville is his enjoyment of taking rattlesnakes alive. He seizes a large rattlesnake with his bare hands, just under the gullet, and then watches with interest the yellow venom oozing from the tiny apertures in his fangs. I feel like Jim in "Huckleberry Finn"—I can get along without any kind of snakes.

But some day I hope to see a living pileated woodpecker. If he is proportionately as efficient as the smaller members of his family, I should think he could cut a tree down in five minutes.

Here are some really good detective stories: "The Million Pound Deposit," by Phillips Oppenheim; "It Was Locked," by John Hawk; "The Mystery of the Open Window," by A. Gilbert; "The Manning-Burke Murder," by Louis Tracy; "Murder at High Tide," by Charles G. Booth; "While the Patient Slept," by M. G. Eberhart; "The Museum Murder," by J. J. McIntyre.

I am glad to see two early novels by Anne Sedgwick and Sheila Kaye-Smith now reprinted, because they are both eminently worth reading. In the year 1914 Anne Sedgwick produced her masterpiece, "The Encounter," but owing to the outbreak of war, it attracted little attention. Though she could not possibly have known of the imminent catastrophe, this novel discusses the philosophy of Nietzsche as contrasted with the teachings of Christianity. One character insists that Strength is the best

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thing in the world, to which another responds that Goodness is the strongest thing in the world. I recommend enthusiastically this admirable story.

"Three Against the World" is one of the earliest novels by Sheila Kaye-Smith. It happens also to be one of her best, so nothing more need be said.

Ben Ames Williams has just published a story called "Touchstone," which has an absolutely original plot, unlike anything I have seen.

Commander Edward Ellsberg's "On the Bottom," an authentic account of the raising of a submarine by American volunteers, is one of the most thrilling illustrations of courage in history. It makes one proud that such men live, that human nature is capable of such nobility.

Archibald Marshall's new novel, "Miss Welby at Steen," is one more example of his extraordinary skill in portraying average characters in average circumstances and yet holding the reader's attention. The book has additional charm and value by giving us a perfect picture of life in a large English country house.

"Tiger, Tiger," by the accomplished Honoré Willsie Morrow, is a life of John B. Gough. I wonder how many of my readers have heard of him? When I was a child he was a "household word," probably the most thrilling "temperance" orator in the world. He had had attacks of delirium tremens and knew what he was talking about. I heard him during his last lecture tour, when he spoke at New Haven. He was introduced by a leading citizen, John G. North, who made the finest introduction I have ever heard. He rose and said, "I introduce John B. Gough," and sat down. Who was it who said, "I can stand my traducers, but not my introducers"?

Well, Mr. Gough was an old man, but when he got warmed up he was certainly a spell-binder. Such thrilling, dramatic oratory I have seldom heard.

A short time after his death, his library was sold at auction at Libbie's in Boston, whither I used frequently to go during my two years at Harvard. I bought his complete set of the English poets and have it still. Mr. Gough was a self-educated man, but he had done the job extremely well. He had a splendid library.

The annual dinner of the FANO CLUB will be held at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, on May 7, at 7.30, daylight saving time. This is the invitation.

I do not want any of my readers to miss the opportunity of securing the following volumes. The "Complete Plays" by Barrie, the "Collected Plays" by Galsworthy, the new edition of all the writings of Barrie, and the new and cheap edition of the works of Galsworthy. So far as we can see, these two writers belong to posterity.

My praise of the new edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" has drawn letters from all over the country. I am particularly interested in one from Paul Jordan Smith, of Los Angeles, who is co-editor with Floyd Dell. He writes, "Stanford University is shortly to publish Burton's other work, a Latin comedy, 'Philosophaster,' which I have translated into English for the first time. It was performed in Burton's lifetime (Feb. 16, 1617) at Oxford: the second performance was given here at the University of California on Jan. 17, 1930."

I have always wanted to read that play, and I wish I could have been present at its first performance in the western hemisphere.

Doctor George W. Lyon of Pitts-

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burgh is trying to add to the language a new pronoun—thon. The Pittsburgh *Press* for January 30 has:

The attempt in this column to secure recognition of "thon" finds sympathizers, as a letter I have received from Dr. George W. Lyon, of the English department of the Perry High School, shows. "Thon" would do away with the ungrammatical use of "them" in such a sentence as: "If John or Mary comes tonight, father wants to see them." (Grammar requires "wants to see him or her.")

In other words, to be grammatical in this case the sentence must be awkward.

After referring to the fact that the pronouns are the most aristocratic, snobbish parts of speech, Dr. Lyon writes:

"The last pronoun form to enter the English language was the possessive of it 'its,' and this little word had a real struggle to get in. It had to contend against the best minds of its time, including Shakespeare's and the translators' of the King James version of the Bible. Here is a well-known illustration from the Bible:

" 'If the salt have lost his (its) savor, wherewith shall it be salted.'

"Now, it is obviously illogical to make salt both neuter and masculine gender in the same sentence, but the learned translators were prejudiced against 'its' and used the masculine instead. [It, however, refers to *earth*.]

"Yes, 'thon' is a perfectly good word and we ought to adopt it in our language, but those superior aristocrats of language—the pronouns—would resent its intrusion, just as they resented the introduction of 'its.' It will be a long time before we are using 'thon' in our daily conversation and writing, much as we need it for accurate expression."

Frank A. Manny, of Boston, writes:

Apropos of the letter to you referring to Mona Lisa. Some years ago when a bust of Sidney Lanier was given to a school which bears his name, a group of men and women were exclaiming over the artist-poet-musician spirit evidences in the face, when an experienced physician said "Most of the particulars you select are the signs of tuberculosis!"

Inasmuch as so many deaths from automobile accidents occur, it is gratifying to receive the following letter from the admirable commissioner of motor vehicles for Connecticut, Robbins Battell Stoeckel, whose programme for safety seems to be justified.

The 1929 statistics will show that for three years we have a steadily decreasing personal injury and death rate, in child accidents, and that the total number of accidents of 1929 is substantially about 8 per cent less than 1928. In these figures there is no discount on account of increase of hazards. This cannot mean anything else than that Connecticut citizens are becoming more intelligent and better in character.

Albert Barrows, of San Francisco, suggests the coinage of the collective noun *spectience* to mean both spectators and audience, that is, those who go both to see and to hear. In the 1907 edition of the Standard Dictionary he found the awkward word *spectatordom*. The word *audience* is common enough; we have tried to introduce *vidience*. But *spectience* would describe those who are now seeing and hearing Mr. Arliss in "Disraeli."

Mr. Barrows adds, "Have you ever encountered the New England word *slanchwise* or *slaunchwise?*" I have not. He nominates not for the Ignoble Prize, "but for the World's Worst Work of Art, Puvis de Chavannes's 'The Poor Fisherman.' "

And here is a letter I respectfully refer to John Galsworthy. Miss Florence E. Paton, of Laurium, Mich., writes:

There is a possessive form in rather general use which is annoying to me because I can't explain it. Even careful men of letters use it.

On p. 740 of "The Forsyte Saga," Mr. John Galsworthy writes: "Old George Forsyte is a first cousin of your father's and of my Uncle Soames."

Why the double possessive in "of your father's"? A first cousin of your father's what? And if "of your father's" is correct, why not "of my Uncle Soames's"?

I can find no authority and no reason for this

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double possessive, which is more common in speech than in writing.

In a recent number I sounded the praises of onion soup, a delectable dish. Two interesting letters make a good commentary. Maud Villiers-Stuart, of Monte Carlo, writes of how an English servant, Trimmer, became angry.

To quote Mrs. Pennell's delightful book, "Our House," "Only twice can I remember seeing her (Trimmer) really ruffled. . . . It was a Sunday afternoon, and Whistler, appearing while she was out and staying on to supper, got Constant, his man, to add an onion soup and an omelet, to the cold meats she had prepared, for he would never reconcile himself to an English supper. She was furious when she got back and found that her pots and pans had been meddled with and her larder raided. She looked upon it as a reproach. . . . She had no use for foreign servants anyhow—she would not have them making their foreign messes in any kitchen of hers. It took days of careful diplomacy to convince her that she had not been insulted."

Here is a letter from Paul B. Jenkins, of Williams Bay, Wis., and if any one thinks I am giving too much attention to onion soup, let me say that I agree with Oscar Wilde when he said, "I hate people who are not serious about their meals."

Apropos of your recent introduction to onion soup, you may be interested to know that in December, 1918, when returning from the war, on board S. S. *Lorraine,* a number of your present readers were served with onion soup *for breakfast* on *eleven consecutive days!* The survivors learned to like onion soup! This was the French variety, in which a huge slice from a round loaf of rye bread, of almost the diameter of the soup-plate, is placed in the plate and the soup poured over it.

It may be no less of an oddity that among your readers who shared this diet was an eminent clerical neighbor and associate of yours in New Haven today, while another is now an inmate of a Texas penitentiary!

In view of your declared espousal of the delicacy, we beg to advise that while it is believed to be indigenous to Germany (see Zweibel Suppe), the finest we have ever had was at the Patrick Henry Hotel in Roanoke, Virginia! —where it is served in individual large brown earthenware casserole pots, and piping hot as only onion soup should be.

N. B. And when you go there, for the next meal drive on to Greensboro, North Carolina, where, at the O. Henry Hotel—parking space directly opposite—you should not fail to investigate their *eighteen different varieties* of waffles!

Here follows the list of books mentioned in this article, with the names of the publishers.

"The American Scrapbook," edited by William Griffith. The Forum Press, New York.
"The Woman of Andros," by Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni.
"The Apple Cart," by Bernard Shaw. Brentanos.
"The First Mrs. Fraser," by St. John Ervine. Macmillan.
"Michael and Mary," by A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton.
"Berkeley Square," by John Balderston. Macmillan.
"All Our Yesterdays," by H. M. Tomlinson. Harpers.
"Down in the Valley," by H. W. Freeman. Holt.
"Ibsen—The Master Builder," by A. E. Zucker. Holt.
"Wild Honey," by Samuel Scoville, Jr. Little, Brown & Co.
"The Million Pound Deposit," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co.
"It Was Locked," by John Hawk. Farrar and Rinehart.
"The Mystery of the Open Window," by A. Gilbert. Dodd, Mead & Co.
"The Manning-Burke Murder," by Louis Tracy. Clode.
"Murder at High Tide," by Charles G. Booth. William Morrow.
"While the Patient Slept," by M. G. Eberhart. Doubleday, Page & Co.
"The Museum Murder," by J. J. McIntyre. Lippincott.
"The Encounter," by Anne Sedgwick. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
"Three Against the World," by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Dutton.
"Touchstone," by Ben Ames Williams. Dutton.
"On the Bottom," by Commander Ellsberg. Dodd, Mead & Co.
"Miss Welby at Steen," by Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co.
"Tiger, Tiger," by Honoré Willsie Morrow. William Morrow.
"Plays" by Barrie. Scribners.
"Plays" by Galsworthy. Scribners.
New edition of Galsworthy. Scribners.
"The Anatomy of Melancholy," by Robert Burton. Farrar and Rinehart.

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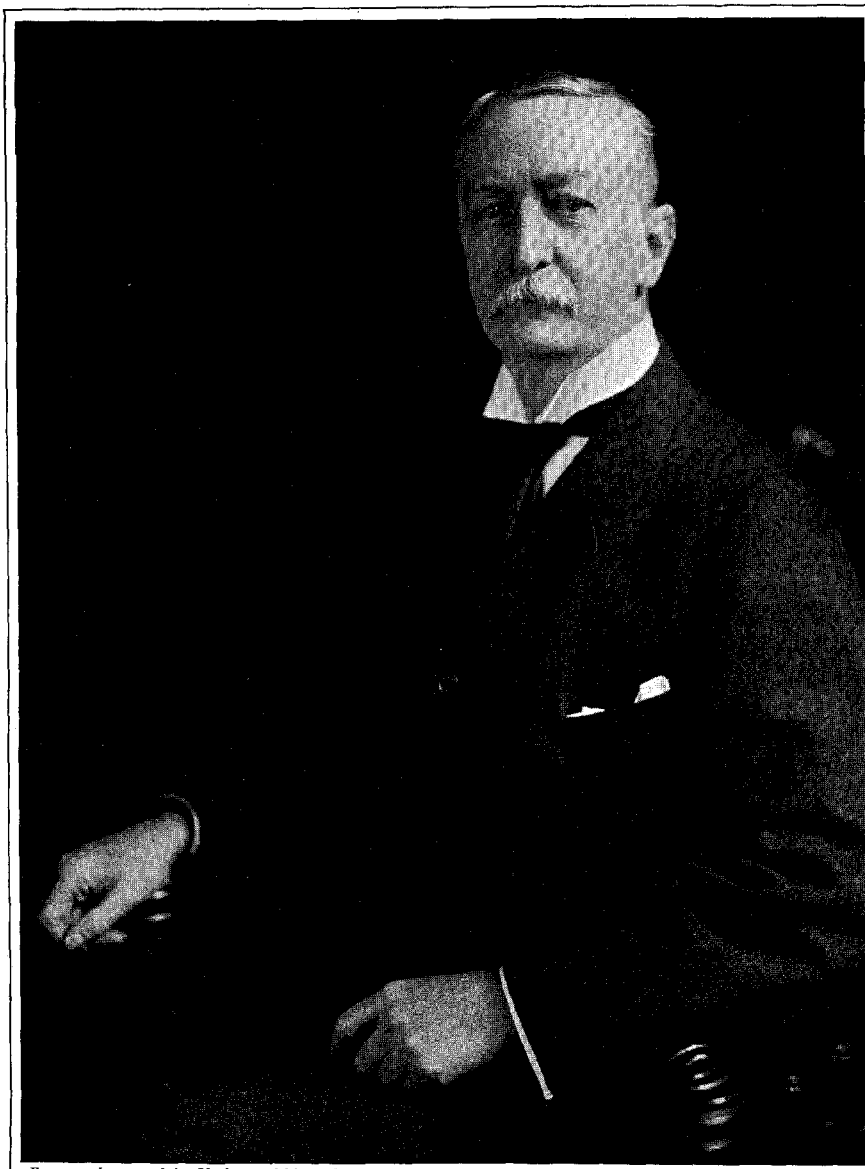

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